

JUNE 23, 1980 • 75¢

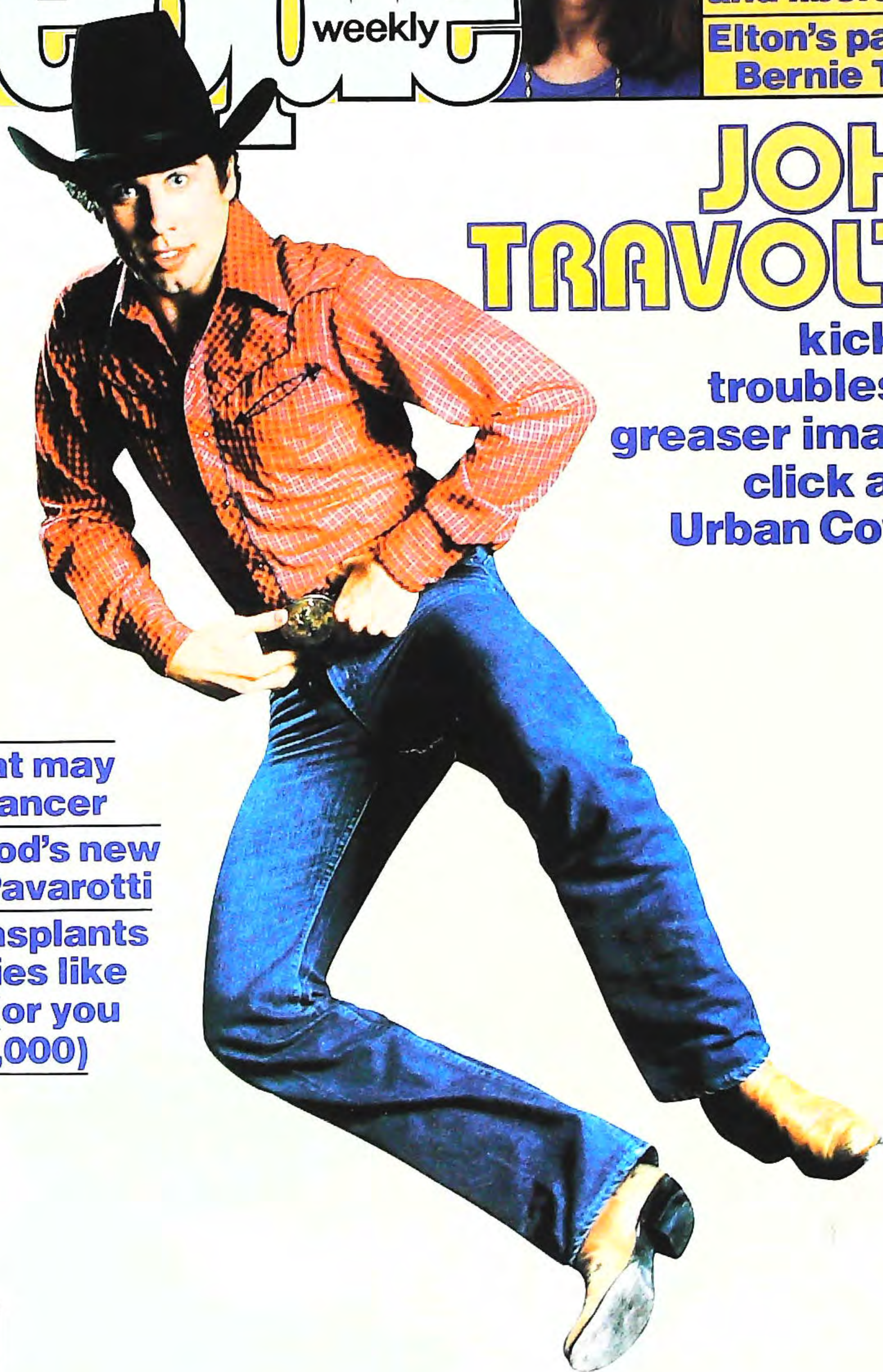
People

weekly



**GLORIA
STEINEM**
on love, life
and liberation

Elton's partner,
Bernie Taupin



JOHN TRAVOLTA

kicks his
troubles and
greaser image to
click as the
Urban Cowboy

**A bra that may
detect cancer**

**Hollywood's new
heavy: Pavarotti**

**Hair transplants
for baldies like
Sinatra (or you
—for \$4,000)**

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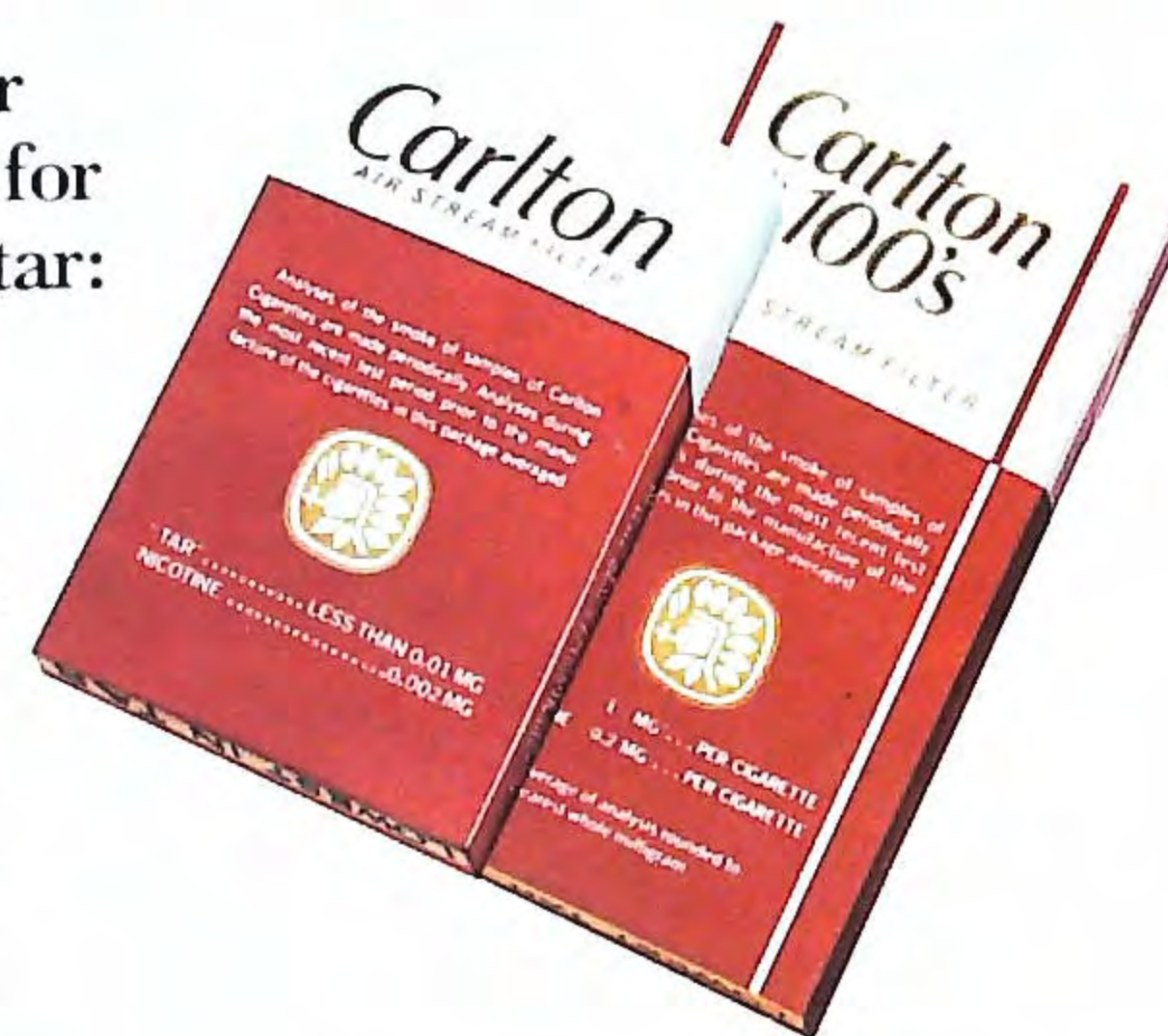


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Kent 100's	14	1.0
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Vantage 100's	12	0.9
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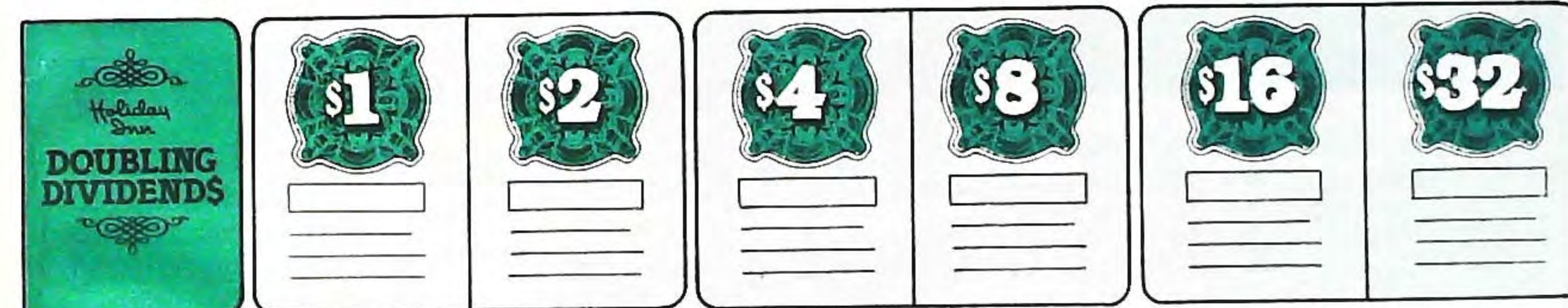
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On the Cover □ 88

Seasoned by sorrow, **John Travolta** conquers a grownup movie role and talks for the first time about his on-and-off eight-year romance with actress **Marilu (Taxi) Henner**

Cover photographs: large picture, © Larry Dale Gordon / Sygma, inset, Mary Ellen Mark / Magnum

People weekly

June 23, 1980 Vol. 13, No. 25

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Valerie Harper

Thanks to the magic of reruns, my favorite TV character, Rhoda Morgenstern, is still with us. Valerie Harper did a wonderful job playing the "ugly duckling" who delivered such classic observations as "When you're single and over 30, there is no such thing as just dating—unless you're Gidget." Thank you for the delightful cover photo of the swan (PEOPLE, June 2).

Robin Roberts
Clemson, S.C.

For those of us who don't have the pectoral region of an 18-year-old girl, please tell us what weight-lifting technique Valerie Harper used.

Chelsea Cross
Fairfield, Conn.

Tony Cacciotti recommends a series of exercises performed lying on a bench. Start out with three-to-five-pound weights and gradually increase them by two to three pounds every two to three weeks, to a maximum of 10 pounds each. Slowly repeat each exercise five or six times, with elbows locked. Inhale as you start and gradually exhale. 1: Extend arms toward ceiling, drop them to the side, parallel to the body. 2: Again, arms to ceiling, then back over head in a circle and around toward body, ending with arms in starting position. 3: Reverse #2. 4: Arms toward ceiling, then back over head to a V position, hold for a second, return to starting position.—ED.

Elizabeth Fishel

I find it hard to believe that although "little information exists about the psychology of sisterhood," there isn't a more definitive statement than author Fishel's suggestion that we are primarily characters from *Little Women*, furious with each other over borrowed clothes. On behalf of my two sisters and myself, thumbs down!

Mary M. Dean
Pittsburgh

Chatter

I was astonished to read in the Chatter section that I "shouldered aside" an already seated guest to be at "Joan Kennedy's immediate right at a table for 10 in a chic, wine-only French restaurant" in San Francisco. I was asked to sit at her right by Robert Fitzgerald, Senator Kennedy's cousin and the man in charge of seating arrangements. I

further read that I then "produced a bottle of vodka from a paper bag" and "brandished it at Joan." The vodka was given to me by the proprietor, Robert Bitton, who knows I am not overly fond of wine. I did not "brandish" it. I placed it on the floor behind my chair. I did not say to Mrs. Kennedy, "This used to be your favorite, wasn't it?" When someone from your magazine phoned to check this story, I said, "It's a good story, but it never happened."

Herb Caen
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco

PEOPLE's source, who was sitting at the same table, stands by his story. When PEOPLE first asked Caen about the incident, the columnist replied, "I don't remember saying it, but somebody told me I said it. I can't deny it."—ED.

John Silber

As a freshman at BU, I shouted with a mixture of surprise, umbrage and joy at seeing your article on Boston University President John Silber. While *60 Minutes* and *Tomorrow* tended to show Silber as an intelligent, righteous, authoritarian man, PEOPLE revealed him as human. I may not agree with Silber's methods or opinions, but I have a greater respect for him after reading PEOPLE.

Darryl Morgan
Kenmore, N.Y.

Stop John Silber! He's a menace to mediocrity, a threat to complacency and a hazard to failure. Worst of all, the guy is just plain competent.

B.G. Mancheski
BU '77
Branford, Conn.

William Murray

I don't agree with William Murray's wanting to reinstate prayer in the public schools, but I agree with his assessment of his mother. I attended a lecture by Ms. O'Hair in 1978 and it appeared to me that her crusade was more a neurotic compulsion based on hatred than a logical appeal to separate church and state in every area.

Sue Fawcett
Austin, Texas

I have already sent in for my box seat ticket for Judgment Day. Just want to make sure I'm close enough to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

How to convince yourself to buy a Kawasaki KE100 instead of a moped.*

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watch the expression on Madalyn's face when she sees God.

G. Westover
Cincinnati

Picks & Pans

Martin Gottfried's Visitors' Guide to Broadway left out quite a few excellent items. What happened to: *Vanities*, *Gertrude Stein*, *Table Settings*, *Happy New Year*, *Home*, *The Roast*, *White Chicks*, *A Kurt Weill Cabaret*, *Blackstone!*, *I'm Getting My Act Together?*

Martin Kreinik
New York City

Gottfried replies: "My theater picks were chosen on the basis of personal taste and their chances of lasting the summer. Some have already closed and others are on the brink. Of course, the bottom line remains: to each his own."—ED.

Roman Welzant

In your May 26 issue, you said Roman Welzant would soon go on trial in Baltimore for killing one teenager and wounding another after he and his wife had endured years of harassment. What happened?

John Rea
Boulder, Colo.



After nearly 11 hours of deliberation, a jury found Welzant innocent of all charges. The jury heard testimony that the dead boy had been drinking and that the other youth may have touched the 68-year-old Welzant before the shooting. Welzant and his wife, Genevieve, with daughter Nancy above, plan to move as soon as possible. —ED.

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People PICKS&PANS

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, books, movies, records and other happenings

Tube

☐ **WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18**
ETHEL IS AN ELEPHANT
CBS (8-8:30 p.m. ET)

Despite its precious name, this failed pilot isn't a turkey. A smartly written bit of Aesopian whimsy, it stars Todd Susman as a New York photographer who removes a nail from the foot of an abandoned baby elephant, then gets adopted by the pet and tries to disguise her as a sofa.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT, PART 2
CBS (8:30-11 p.m. ET)

Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly narrate the second film of snippets of MGM's musical masterworks. Segments show Bing Crosby, Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Frank Sinatra, W.C. Fields, the Marx Brothers, Clark Gable and many more. (Repeat)

SOLTI CONDUCTS SCHUBERT
PBS (check local listings)

Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony in performances of two of the Viennese composer's symphonies—No. 6 and the *Unfinished*.

☐ **THURSDAY, JUNE 19**
CRY OF THE INNOCENT
NBC (9-11 p.m. ET)

Novelist Frederick (Dogs of War) Forsyth's first TV thriller is set in the beautiful Irish countryside. Rod Taylor plays an ex-Green Beret stalking the killers of his vacationing family. Joanna Pettet is fine in a dual role as Taylor's dead wife and a lookalike journalist of whom he later becomes enamored. Cyril Cusack plays a local police inspector with a dry wit, and Nigel Davenport is charmingly sinister as a conglomerate boss.

☐ **SUNDAY, JUNE 22**
ROMEO AND JULIET
ABC (9-11:50 p.m. ET)

It didn't make stars of Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey, but Franco Zeffirelli's 1968 movie of Shakespeare's tearjerker has its lyrical moments.

☐ **MONDAY, JUNE 23**
THE DAVID LETTERMAN SHOW
NBC (10-11:30 a.m. ET)

Johnny Carson's frequent stand-in (he's the fair-haired boy of NBC chief Fred Silverman) gets his own morning talk-variety show, with such guests as Sen. William Proxmire and Jimmy Breslin.

TOURIST
Syndicated (check local listings)

The sightseers visiting Europe in this made-for-TV series belong on a soap. Lee Meriwether and Bradford Dillman are cast as a cold wife and warm husband, while Lois Nettleton is the emotional other woman. Naive James Stephens gets worldly advice from Bonnie Bedelia and homebodies Adrienne Barbeau and David Groh are adrift in Amsterdam. If it's summer, it must be leftover land.

DEBBY BOONE... THE SAME OLD BRAND NEW ME
NBC (9-10 p.m. ET)

Bob Hope, Gene Kelly and Greg (BJ) Evigan join Debby on her first musical-variety special. Her father-in-law, José Ferrer, is the voice of an unseen Orkish creature that guides her through the show. The goings-on are pleasant, the sets colorful, the music unsurprising.

TOM SNYDER CELEBRITY SPOTLIGHT
NBC (10-11 p.m. ET)

The big catch is James Cagney, out of retirement at 80 to appear as Police Commissioner Rhineland Waldo in the movie of E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*. Snyder visits Cagney at his 800-acre New York State farm. Others spotlighted: Carroll O'Connor, Erik Estrada and Patsy Presley.

☐ **TUESDAY, JUNE 24**
THE DEFECTION OF SIMAS KUDIRKA
CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)

Alan Arkin, Richard Jordan, Donald Pleasence and Shirley Knight star in this excellent 1978 drama about a Lithuanian sailor who jumped from a Soviet vessel to a U.S. Coast Guard cutter in 1970 but was returned to the Russians. Imprisoned for almost four years, he now lives in Brooklyn. (Repeat)

IF JAPAN CAN DO IT... WHY CAN'T WE?
NBC (9:30-11 p.m. ET)

Correspondent Lloyd Dobyns anchors an NBC weekly paper on lagging American productivity.

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Pages



Sidney Poitier comes across as both blunt and admirable in his new autobiography.

People weekly PICKS&PANS

THIS LIFE by Sidney Poitier

Though no literary stylist, the Oscar-winning actor (for 1964's *Lilies of the Field*) has written a notably frank, affecting memoir. It runs from his childhood on a tiny Bahamian island to struggling years parking cars in Miami (he didn't know how to drive when he took the job) to washing dishes in New York restaurants to his heyday as one of film's biggest stars. He deals openly with his psychoanalysis, his first marriage, to model Juanita Hardy, his affairs (including nine years with Diahann Carroll), his love/hate relationship with Harry Belafonte and his struggles against Hollywood discrimination en route to his present eminence as a director. Poitier is more reticent about current wife Joanna Shimkus but does come across as a rounded, admittedly "stubborn" and ultimately likable figure. (Knopf, \$12.95)

A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES by John Kennedy Toole

"Once a person was asked to step into this brutal century, anything could happen. Everywhere there lurked pitfalls like . . . newspaper reporters, strip-teasers, birds, photography, juvenile delinquents, Nazi pornographers." That's the way the hero of this raw, ripe novel thinks—in crazed, larger-than-life terms. He is gross, too, a gigantic bag of candy bars, wine cakes, jelly donuts and loud internal rumblings. The result is a wondrously funny book that evokes the real New Orleans better than any novel since Walker Percy's *Moviegoer*. *Dunces* is, in fact, a discovery of Percy's, brought to him by Toole's mother in 1976 when she couldn't interest a publisher in it—the author killed himself in 1969. His only book calls to mind *The World According to Garp*. It's not as sophisticated as the John Irving novel, but it's perhaps closer to the unkempt in most of us. (Louisiana State University, \$12.95)

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JOHN BELUSHI

DAN AYKROYD

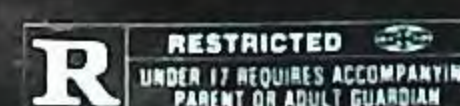
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Executive Producer BERNIE BRILLSTEIN

Produced by ROBERT K. WEISS • Directed by JOHN LANDIS



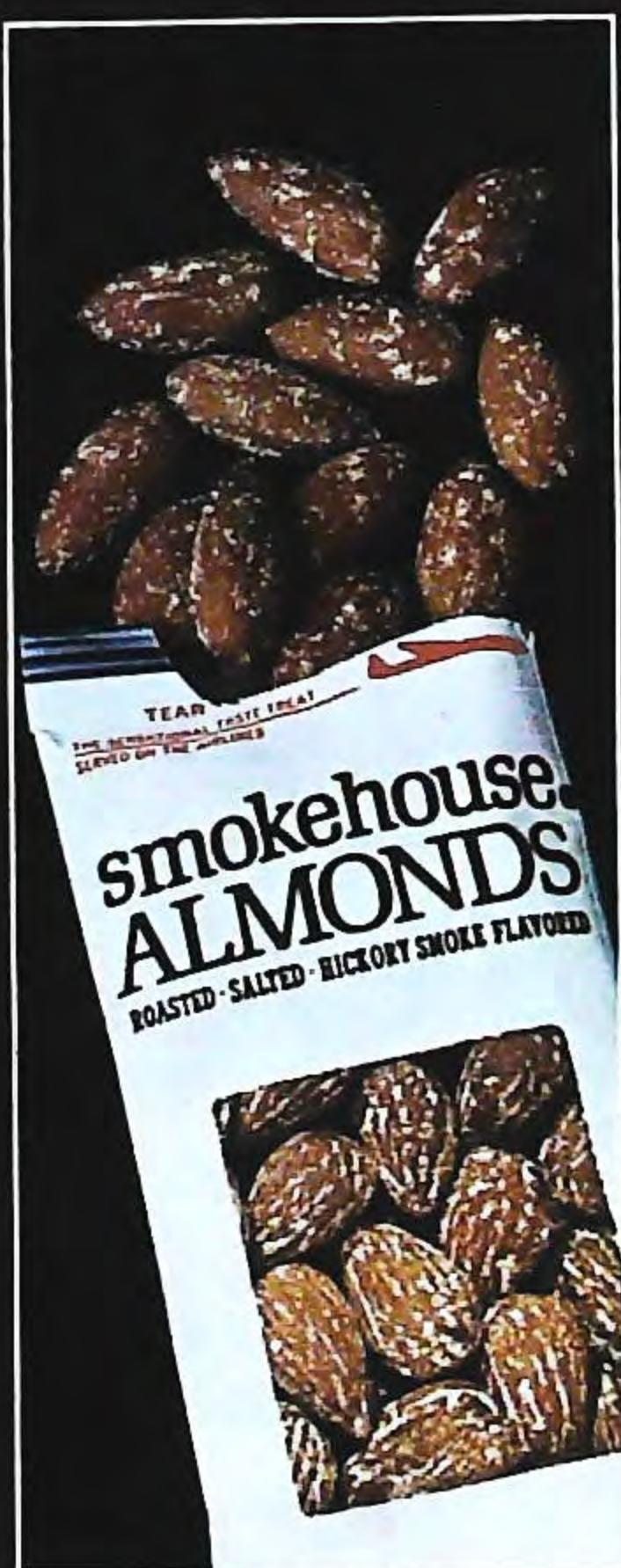
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People weekly PICKS&PANS

□ GHOSTS by Ed McBain

A police procedural novel is different from a detective mystery. The character who turns out to have committed the crime isn't necessarily a suspect but is found only after chapters of careful investigation. It's a genre that McBain has made his own special territory. In his latest, a writer who made a lot of money with a book about a haunted house is murdered. His girlfriend is a young, beautiful medium. She also has a twin and, remarkably, they look like the deaf-and-dumb wife of the 87th Precinct detective on the case. PEOPLE magazine is implicated in a subsequent murder but reviewers' code precludes squealing about who really done it. (Viking, \$10.95)

□ ENTWINED DESTINIES by Rosalind Welles

The desegregation of the paperback romance novel arrives with this appropriately breathy tale of a black American magazine writer who enters into hot pursuit of a "cool, arrogant, oh-so-handsome" oil company executive and loses herself in foreign intrigue and a feminism-vs.-femininity dilemma. The author—Elsie Washington, one of the weekly LIFE's first black women reporters, writing under a pseudonym—keeps a revolution in Africa at arm's length while taking care of business in London. The result is like an elegantly tossed bridal bouquet—maybe not very important but worth catching. (Dell, \$1.25)

Song

□ DOLLY, DOLLY, DOLLY Dolly Parton

Her fans can hardly be pleased that the number of tunes written by Dolly herself on this LP is zero, zero, zero. Nevertheless, Parton's rangy voice is as good as ever and the LP is full of splendid tunes arranged in country pop idioms. Especially rewarding are *Old Flames Can't Hold a Candle to You*, a classic C&W play on words in which Dolly duets charmingly with her brother Randy, and *Sweet Agony*, a Caribbean-metered maraca-shaker. The album also reveals, particularly on *You're the Only One I Ever Needed*, a curious similarity between Parton and another fine singer with a wispy, sexy tease in her voice—Diana Ross.

□ THE UP ESCALATOR Graham Parker

After last year's searing breakthrough set, *Squeezing Out Sparks*, where could the Briton refuel his imagination? The answer is L.A. While stuck in a Sunset Boulevard traffic jam, he observes, "The people sit there / Cameras without action / I can't see the point / But I see the attraction." His comment on the laid-back hedonism. "Just get to feeling / Like a wheel without traction / Stupefaction!" Parker's voice, like his vision of the world, can burn, but his music invigorates. One reason is the streamlined strength in his melodies and rhythms. Another is his back-up band, the Rumour, with Brinsley Schwarz's guitar defining the nerve of each song. (Bruce Springsteen's much-talked-about harmonizing on *Endless Night* is, in fact, almost inaudible.) But what redeems Parker is his refusal to submit to the despair he

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PICKS&PANS

confesses and the honesty in his love songs. When he sings, in *Jolie Jolie*, "I don't use teardrops as weapons by choice/ They just fall out from my eyes," Parker is so believable it's painful.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST Van Halen

The metaphor suggested by the title is unintentionally right-on—this album, like its two heavy-metal predecessors, is a musical disaster. The Dutch-born Van Halen brothers (Edward on guitar, Alex on drums) and their corn-belt colleagues (singer David Lee Roth, bassist Michael Anthony) combine Led Zeppelin, Blue Oyster Cult and Grand Funk Railroad riffs with lyrical bilge on themes from macho sex ("Everybody wants her/Hey, hey, what about you?") to rebellion ("I ain't about to go to school/ And I'm sick and tired of Golden Rules"). The result is gross, leaden music which panders to adolescent males whose wishful thinking exceeds their tremulous grasp.

ONE BAD HABIT Michael Franks

Singing in his tissue-papery tenor, Franks makes Mel Tormé sound by comparison like the Velvet Thunderstorm. Though he is still an interesting jazz composer and performer, he suffers on this LP from coyness. In *Baseball*, for instance, he uses one national pastime (throwing and hitting) to re-



Dolly Parton has for the first time written nothing for her latest record whirl, but it doesn't matter.

resent another (kissing and hugging), warbling, "How can I keep control of my nerves/ The way you wind up when you throw me those curves." Franks' melodies are pedestrian, too, and his back-up studio group, this time without the customary guest stars, can't do much with them. To quote the *I Ching*, as Franks does, "Music has power to loosen the grip of obscure emotions." Sorry, Michael. Sorry, *Ching*. Not this music.

Screen

CARNY

Step right up, ladies and gents. See the World's Tallest Man, the Monkey Lady and the Human Blockhead! And over here we have the Teen Queen (Jodie Foster), the Weirdo (Gary Busey) and the Rock Star (Robbie Robertson)! Like the carnival midway itself, this movie is bright, brassy, edging on bizarre and violent just beneath the surface. What makes it work are three perceptive performances. Foster provides a measured, mature portrayal of a small-town girl seduced by carnival life, among other things. Busey, an Oscar nominee for *The Buddy Holly Story*, once again displays his versatility, and Robertson, who doubles as producer, exudes sensuality in his acting debut (he was in the Band's *The Last Waltz*, of course, but that was a concert film). The story itself careens uncertainly from comedy to romance to melodrama. Yet documentary filmmaker Robert Kaylor captures the curious demimonde of the carnies. His first feature pulls you in like a sideshow—it repels as it fascinates. (R)

THE ISLAND

The burning question raised by this movie is how much *can* Michael Caine see without his glasses? Sometimes he wears them, sometimes he doesn't, yet he never seems affected either way. Of course, one is supposed to be concentrating on

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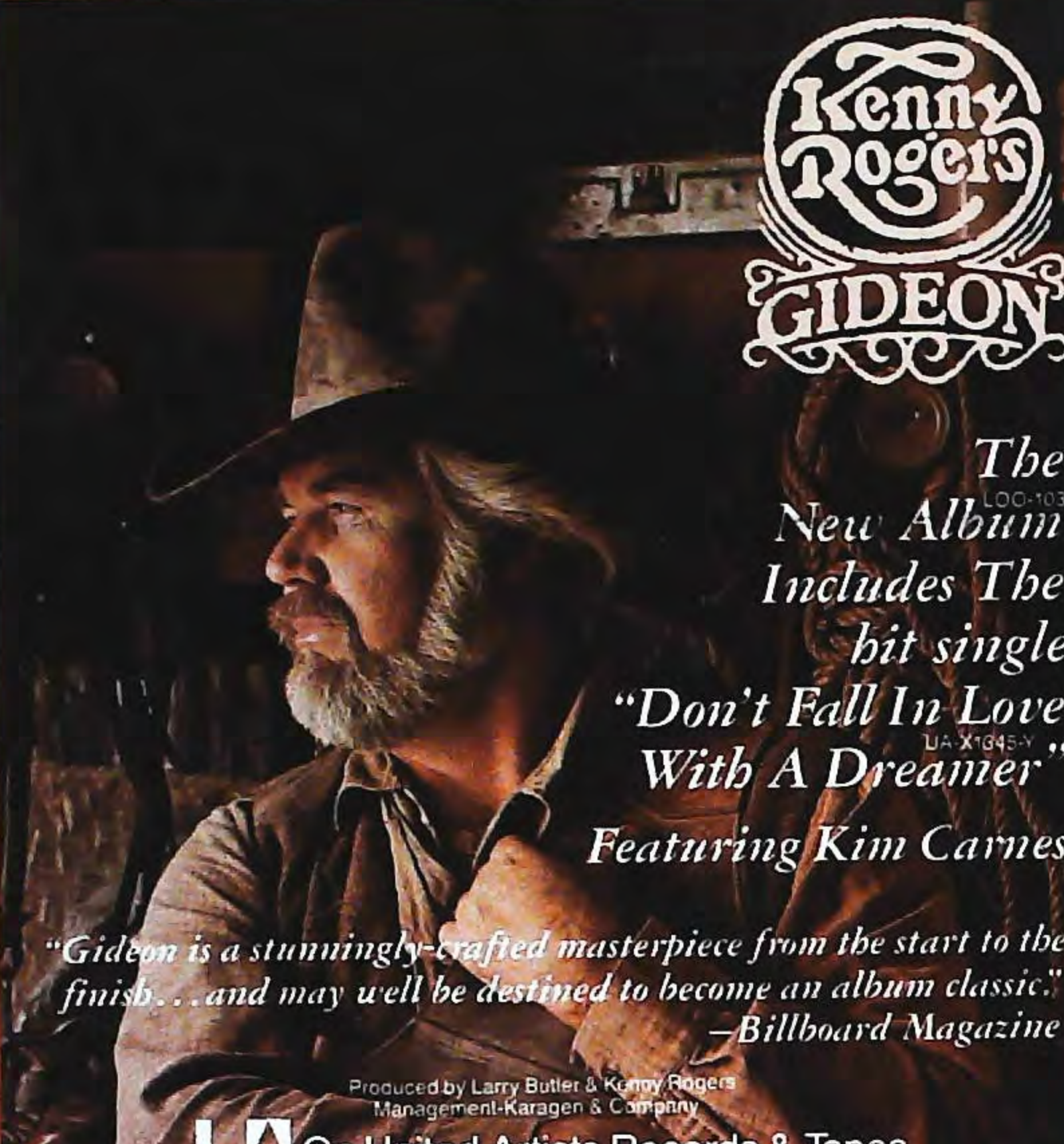


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Gary Busey plays a prematurely grizzled midway bozo in the effectively offbeat film *Carny*.

People PICKS&PANS

the 600 boats that have disappeared in the Caribbean over a three-year period. Caine plays a journalist who promises his son a weekend trip to Disney World but ends up bobbing about the Bermuda Triangle. To be fair, the first 20 minutes are suspenseful in the best Peter Benchley tradition. Barely glimpsed interlopers menace pleasure craft in lovely tropical surroundings. But the moment the assailants' identity is revealed—they are a band of buccaneers who have survived on an uncharted isle for 300 years—the film falls apart. Director Michael Ritchie contributes much mayhem (accompanied by a strange, swashbuckling score) but little of the humor that salvaged his *Semi-Tough* and *Smile*. Caine is plucky in the central role; still, he would have had a better time at Disney World. So would you. (R)


Etc.

□ GAMES FOR ADULTS OF ALL AGES

The microcomputer chip has revolutionized the game industry, and by last year the computerized *Simon* and *Merlin* were the top sellers in the U.S., ahead of historic favorites like *Monopoly*, *Clue* and *Scrabble*. Not all of the latest in brain-teasers and time-passers are electronic—some are powered by nothing more exotic than dice. An estimated 2,500 new games of all kinds hit the market each year, and this is a summer-vacation catalogue of those that are the most challenging or fun:

ELECTRONIC

□ **The Generals** is Ideal's jazzed-up computer version of Milton Bradley's intriguing, non-electronic *Stratego*. Two 21-man armies attempt to capture each other's flag or to plant their own in enemy territory. When opposing pieces contest the same square, the game's electronic arbiter determines the victor. A four-star general would overpower a private, for instance, but neither side can see the rank of the other's piece beforehand. When one army is vanquished, the arbiter plays *Taps* (\$30—this and all subsequent figures are



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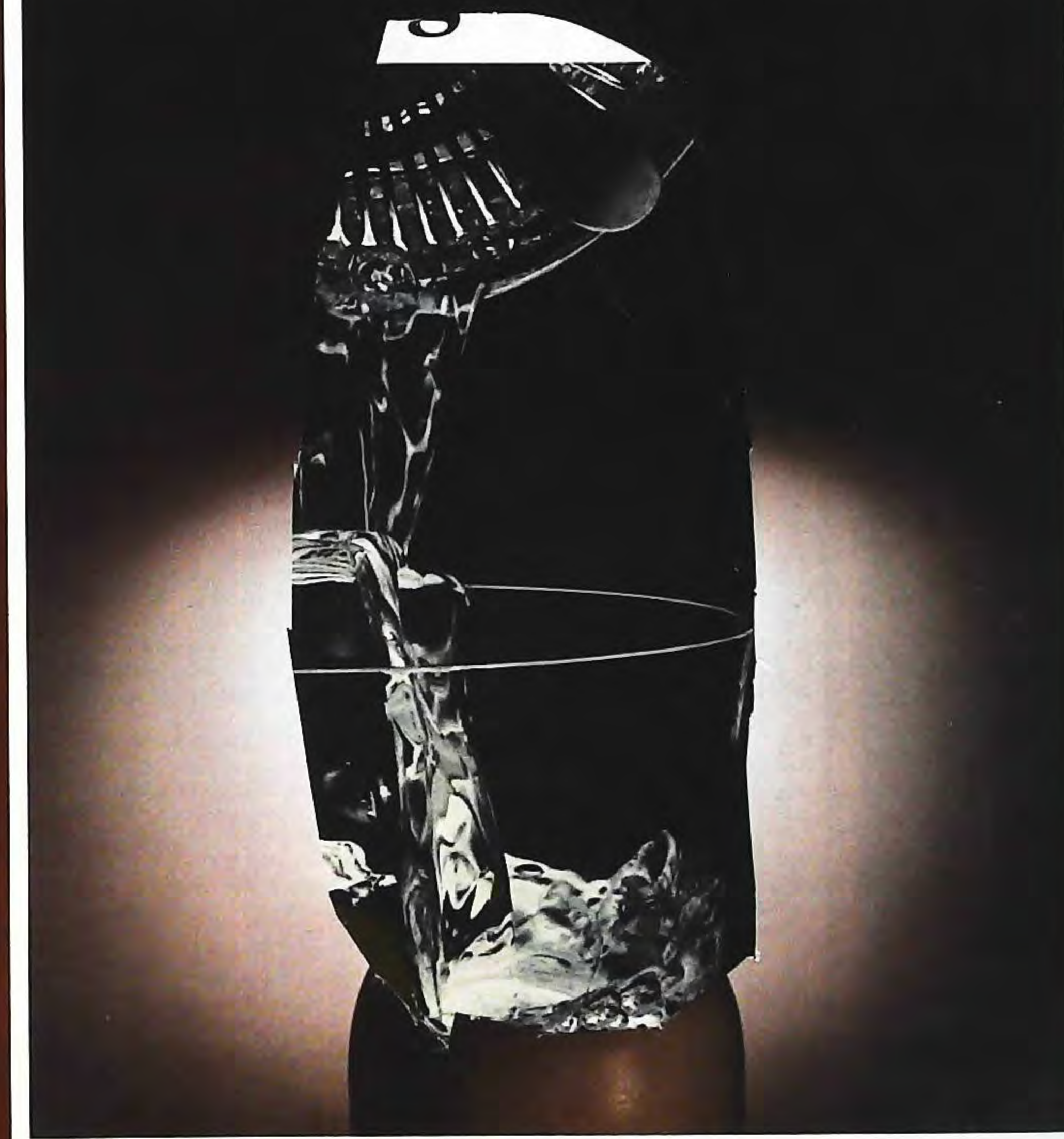
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□ **Milton**, be called S "You turn hey, hey!" Fat Alber 18 phras your member for "hat get a "N No 2" ating " have g □ En card d and luf from the start to the gadgane an album classic." Yes, it's your d **Gin R** offers

None s & Tapes

□ **All** Nuke e take th take th game (19520 \$10) u rels of Port V or min Environ spaces " of facts, like " earthquakes," and the game is a really pro B Oil Both Farming (The Weekend Farmer Co., P.O. Box 896, Goldendale, Wash 98620, \$14.95) and Nuke use Monopoly formats. Competing farmers use dice rolls to determine crops and cattle income but, surprisingly, no government subsidies. "Fate" cards range from "Cutworms eat sprouting fruit buds" to "Done plowing—take a day off." Nuke (Andrea Asaro, 813 Lawrence Rd., Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648, \$8.95) is a rather inert game in which rival utility companies try to avoid "N.R.C. [Nuclear Regulatory Commission] calls special safety hearing on waste disposal" or to land on "State P.U.C. [Public Utilities Commission] grants rate increase." It seems inevitable that after playing it once or twice, one's interest will melt down □ It doesn't help to know there are over 3 billion possible combinations, but then, that's the challenge of **Rubik's Cube**. Ideal's new six-sided, six-colored, 27-part puzzle is a boggler of unprecedented dimension. As you manipulate the cube's sections, the original color formation is disturbed. The goal is to get this cubic humpty-dumpty back to its original state. Rubik, a Budapest designer, originated the cube four years ago, and many Hungarians are no doubt still trying to understand it. Soon they won't be alone. (\$10)

People weekly PICKS&PANS

Rubik's Cube, left, infuriates Bruce Jenner.



Gary grizzledly



The First Investment Games (The First National Bank of Boston, \$36) is something quite different and includes six competitions on various aspects of finance, such as stocks, bonds and interest rates, with a set of given facts, based on actual history, and alternative investment decisions. A player makes his choices on forms that come with the games and then mails them to the bank, where they are graded by a committee and sent back. This is partly, of course, a game of creating new interest in investing, but as the game progresses, it can be a pleasure in itself.

PI

the 600 board game. A player makes his choices on forms that come with the games and then mails them to the bank, where they are graded by a committee and sent back. This is partly, of course, a game of creating new interest in investing, but as the game progresses, it can be a pleasure in itself.

□ **Bruce Jenner Decathlon Game** (Parker Brothers) includes 10 competitive events, like the real thing, and you needn't sweat. Just slap down cards to race the 110-meter hurdles, roll dice for the pole vault, flick a plastic disk against a bounce-back device for the shot put. (There is no provision for endorsing products or running around with starlets.) If Amy Carter gets one of these games this summer, will her dad boycott it? (\$6) □ Since another quadrennial event occurs this year, there is also a bandwagon full of political games, most of which involve moving around a board and accumulating influence, money and/or votes. **Candidate** (Shaw Games, Box 751, Manhattan, Kans. 66502, \$13) involves decisions, say, on dividing your advertising budget among states. It sounds instructive but then again, Howard Baker's staff played it just before the primaries. **Presidential Fever** (Swan Designs, P.O. Box 1212, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37401, \$14) uses dice as well as issue and random-event cards like "A TV ad shows your opponent's brother endorsing a new beer. Church groups angry. Receive \$100,000." The real student of politics may prefer **Lie, Cheat & Steal** (Reiss Games, Inc., 230 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001, \$9). An old favorite but still available, it's lively, encouraging everything short of knocking over the board to win votes.

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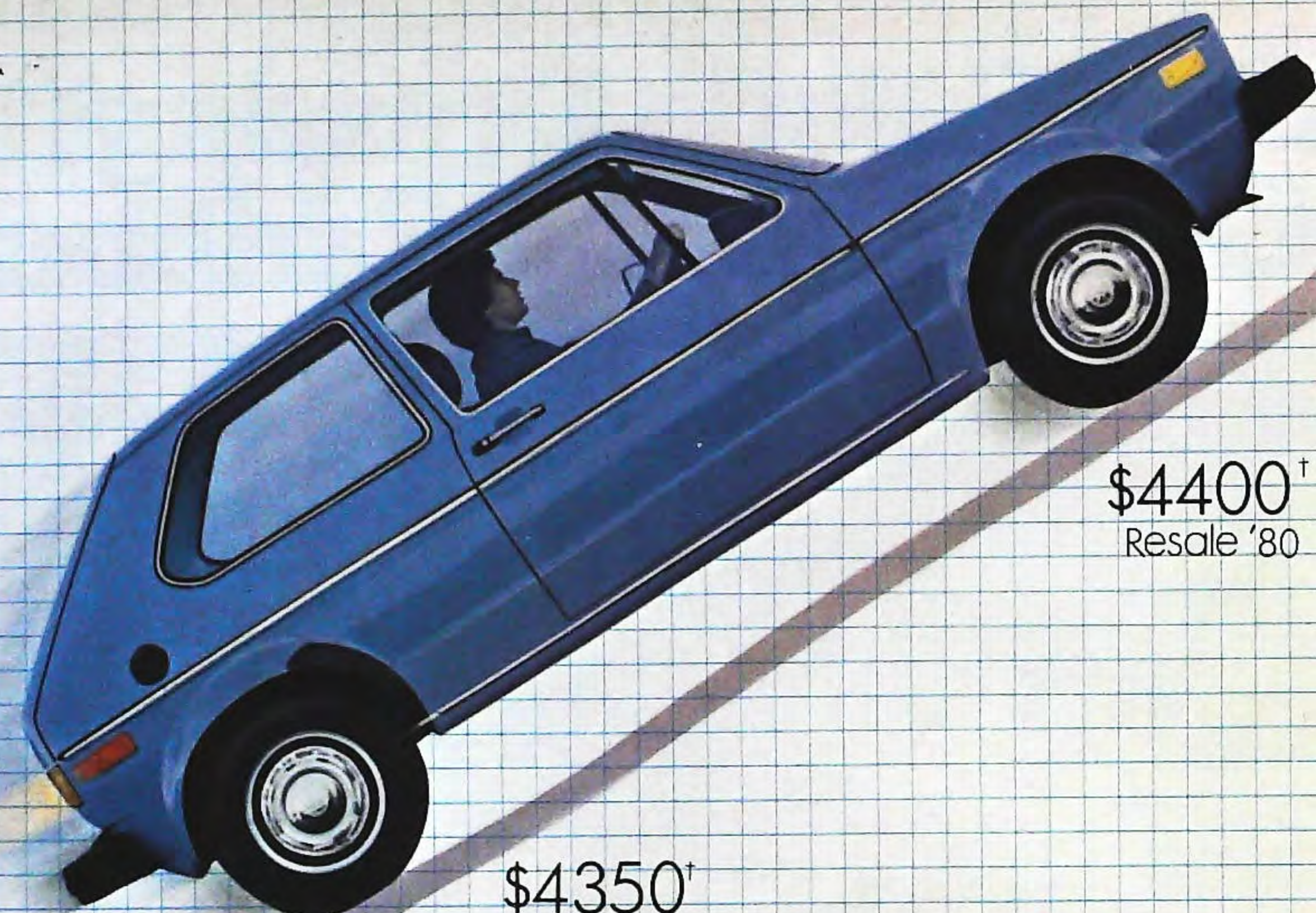
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GLORIA STEINEM EXAMINES THE WOMEN'S DECADE: WINS, LOSSES AND CHANGES IN HER LIFE

"Think for a minute. Who were you before the '70s began?" Gloria Steinem asks in her introduction to *The Decade of Women*, an ambitious potpourri of pictures, news bulletins and text on recent feminist history produced by her colleagues at *Ms. magazine*. It is published in hardcover by G.P. Putnam's Sons, for \$17.95, in paperback by Paragon, \$8.95. Steinem's own consciousness over the decade can be traced in what she calls "sense memories"—from "the scared quavery sound in the voices of women who were speaking out in public for the first time" to the "strong sisters" she now sees around her.

A full-time feminist before the '70s, Steinem is arguably the most influential leader in the women's movement in America. Now 46, she lives alone in New York City, where her power base is *Ms.*, the publication she helped found in 1972. Her forum is a monthly column through which she speaks to the magazine's two million readers on subjects ranging from a macho-mocking fantasy, *If Men Could Menstruate*, to a serious and moving profile of

former porn star Linda Lovelace.

A staff of 50 (two are men) puts out the magazine in a mid-Manhattan suite of offices that includes a nursery-playroom. At her cluttered desk, Steinem keeps in touch with the women's movement—from the pro-ERA wing of the American Psychiatric Association to union organizers of clerical workers. Five to 10 times a month she goes off to speak—in the last few weeks, for example, to students at the University of New Hampshire, women-led farm workers in Louisiana, an audience of 21,000 at a Chicago job conference. Recently Steinem turned her attention to the politics of love and marriage, among other less discussed aspects of the women's revolution, for Irene Kubota Neves of PEOPLE.

What are some of the measurements of success over the last decade?

Every major issue raised by the women's movement now has majority support in opinion polls—from such easy things as equal pay for equal work to the ERA to abortion. It was a time of massive consciousness-raising and a period in which women's hopes were raised. There were changed ideas about division of work in the home and in the way children are raised and by whom. We learned that women can and should do "men's jobs."

Are there other pluses?

There is much less of the belief that what feminists want is to become Superwoman—the idea that says, yes, you can be a nuclear physicist or a plumber providing you have three charming children, are a gourmet cook and the perfect wife. Some women's magazines still suggest more and more for women, who are already doing two jobs. It's ridiculous.

What about the delay in passing the Equal Rights Amendment?

It's taking longer than we thought. But it is a profound principle, so perhaps that's not surprising. After all, it took a century and a Civil War to achieve the 14th Amendment. I give the

CONTINUED



Steinem recharges at home, left. Last month, above, she marched in Chicago for ERA. "It may have yet to happen for some women," she notes, "but the first realization of sisterhood is powerful."

Steinem is often at the office after midnight meeting deadlines. At Ms., she says, "I have made friends who are like family to me."



In Egypt recently to interview Jihan Sadat, Steinem took time for a "touristy" camel ride near the Pyramids.



ERA 60-40 odds in favor of passage by June 1982.

Where else has the movement been less successful?

We haven't yet established the principle that men can and should do "women's jobs," that homemaking and child rearing are as much a man's responsibility as a woman's.

Aside perhaps from the justice of it, why would men want to do those things?

The justice of it is enough.

How can men be convinced of that?

It's hard. No one gives up comfort

easily. But there is a reality and a freedom that comes from being able to take care of yourself. The man who cannot cook, cannot iron, who does not understand the simplest mechanics of household procedures is a prisoner himself. No form of dependency is a pleasant experience.

Isn't it an improvement that men help out around the house, even if inconsistently?

That is unacceptable. "Help out" is the clue. Until we reach a point where everybody who lives in a house is responsible for it and until we pursue the logic of children being raised by both parents, the majority of women who work outside the home as well as in it will have an enormously unfair burden.

How are men going to learn?

New mothers have said to me that when for some reason they've had to leave the baby alone with their husbands, it has helped. The men would never have learned to take care of a child if they had not *had* to. None of us is born with this knowledge.

Are you saying the sharing process can be hastened?

Yes. But at the same time we as women have to face the fact that we sometimes like to be regarded as indispensable, and we are not. Nor are we the only people who can parent children or clean kitchens or make food. The other thing we have to reconcile ourselves to is that if someone else does a particular task, it won't necessarily be done the way we want it.

What are your arguments for involving fathers in the raising of children?

It's partly fairness and partly reason. There are also profound emotional rewards. But we are not asking this simply because it will help humanize men, or for our own convenience. How children are raised is crucial. It's important that from infancy on they see their fathers changing their diapers, and grow up knowing that men can be loving and nurturing people too.

How have male-female relationships fared over these 10 years?

Perhaps I am too optimistic, but it seems to me two things have happened. Bad relationships have broken up, and good relationships have been made stronger.

Wasn't consciousness-raising responsi-

ble in part for a flurry of divorces?

Consciousness is always raised sooner or later. The cause of divorce is not feminism; the cause of divorce is marriage. The difference now is that instead of a woman saying 20 years later with great bitterness, "I should never have married you," she is more likely to take responsibility for her own life and change it. I was once asked why women don't gamble. I've always regretted that I didn't say the real reason is that women's total instinct for gambling was satisfied by marriage.

Why do you say that?

At 18 or 22 we were supposed to find the man whom we were going to attach ourselves to forever. I myself assumed I would marry, even though I kept putting it off, and that when I did my husband's identity would become mine. Marriage was the one life-changing mechanism women had. So if we have come to honor different ways of living—that some people will marry, some not, some will have children and others not—then perhaps we need not go through the cultural phenomenon of people breaking out of prison. But the problem is the prison, not the breaking out.

Are relationships harder to maintain after consciousness is raised?

Some are finding it harder. But there is another side. If women are giggling and shuffling and saying how clever of you to know what time it is, how can anyone expect decent relationships? It seems easier to be honest and end up with someone who actually likes you. Far from being contrary to love, I think the movement makes love possible for the first time. Economic dependency and fear might have looked like love from 50 feet away, but it sure didn't feel like it.

Is getting older still harder on women?

Our culture is arranged that way. If you look objectively at men who are aging, they are getting just as wrinkled and chicken-necked. But a man's identity is in what he does. Ours is much more in how we look.

Are you sensitive about your age?

Six years ago when I turned 40, I made a point of being very open about it. People would say to me, kindly, "Oh, you don't look 40." And I would say, "This is what 40 looks like." We've been lying about our ages for so long, how would anyone know?

Are you advocating truthfulness as a tactic?

I feel we should stop pretending about a lot of things—that we are happy in subservient roles or that we have not had abortions or whatever it is.

Was it difficult for you to be truthful about your abortion?

For 12 years I told no one. Not a woman friend, no member of my family. But in the first issue of Ms. we ran a petition which women signed, saying they had had illegal abortions. I felt I couldn't ask others to participate if I didn't. It was hard then.

And now?

Because our ideas of what women could or should do have been dictated to us, the only way to see reality is through our own lives and the lives of other women. So I feel an obligation to tell the truth. It might possibly contribute to change. You also realize you're not alone.

But, as a woman who is not married and is without children, are you not alone?

Perhaps. But many of the women who are most alone are the ones who have followed the most conventional life pattern. In later years they are the ones likeliest to find themselves

widowed or turned in for a younger worker; their profession has been in the home, raising children, so they are more apt to be out of work. That's why women over 65 are the single poorest group in the population.

What is the next step?

Progress, for both men and women, lies in the direction we have not been, filling out that part of the circle we have not yet experienced. You see it at women's conferences, especially feminist conferences, which are very different from men's. Men plan everything ahead. They replicate the power structure by having one person in charge of the group. There is no spontaneity. It could be done as easily through the mails. We do the reverse. Nobody wants to be the leader. We spend a lot of time mooshing around trying to make somebody be in charge. The goal is not to try to outdistance one another but to complete ourselves. For many men progress is to live more spontaneously, to develop an emotional life. For us progress is to take control of our lives and stop being so passive.

Does that go for you? You haven't been exactly idle.

I haven't been exactly idle, but instead of taking control of my life and

finding the time to do the books I want to write, I was being passive and responding to requests.

Are you putting that in the past tense?

I'm hesitating. When we started Ms. eight years ago I said, all right, I will do this because it is vital, but I'll do it for two years, tops. I kept feeling that way, like a transient passing through, until a year ago. I suddenly realized I really enjoy being here, that I could feel useful for the rest of my life.

Is this feeling new to you?

I don't know exactly when it changed or if it will continue. It used to be that if I were traveling in a car from an airport or wherever and I passed tenements or row houses—poor houses like some of those from my childhood—I would compulsively imagine myself in them, especially as an old person. And I would be depressed. Now I see places like that and feel I could live there, that the neighbors would be interesting and there would be a block to organize, that I could carry on wherever I was. □

Steinem tours rural Louisiana with farm worker organizers Joyce Alexander, Bessie Bourgeois, Lorna Bourg and Bernadette Stewart. Her coming, Bourg says, "gave us both recognition and confirmation. She's terrific."





Sizing up new fodder for gossip, Rona Barrett reserved judgment until Pavarotti returns with his family for his film initiation next summer.



"I love beautiful women," Pavarotti exclaimed over the sleek Angie Dickinson, who responded: "He's the only one I'd eat pasta for."



After meeting the likes of Bernadette Peters and Steve Martin, Pavarotti was so excited, he said later, he couldn't sleep all night.



Sally Struthers came not only with her psychiatrist husband, William Rader, but also snuck in her Pavarotti fan mother-in-law, Edith Rader.



After Carroll O'Connor serenaded the revelers, Luciano shouted "Bravo, bravo" to the man he addressed as "Archie."

In a town where opera means soaps, the evening at Chasen's had a decidedly different tenor. Tout Hollywood—including even some notorious stay-at-homes like Cary Grant—came out to toast the announced movie debut of Luciano Pavarotti. The world's most popular and ebullient classical singer will star next year in an MGM romantic comedy titled *Yes, Giorgio*.

Only a few days before, it might have been *No, No, Luciano*. Pavarotti, 44, had nonplussed Johnny Carson and gotten himself bleeped on the *Tonight Show*. At the party the irrepressible Italian showed little remorse. "I am now told that you do not say 'tits' on the air in America," he observed. "In Italy we have a beautiful word for them."

In any case, Pavarotti arrived wearing a button declaring BE OF GOOD COURAGE. He kissed every woman within reach and then pursued another lust, gorging on cracked crab, lobster, shrimp, caviar and the famed house chili. "I have to keep my strength up," he said, apparently forgetting for a night the privation of cutting his weight from 310 to 250 in the past year. The guests positively fawned over him. Carol Burnett cracked that she would not be his co-star "because there's enough violence in movies." (Luciano's manager is plumping for Sally Field.) Kirk Douglas proffered some advice about staying yourself in Hollywood: "When I first came here, they kept filling my cleft with putty," he told Pavarotti. "I finally said, 'Take me the way I am,' and now the cleft is my trademark."

The hero of the hour responded with tales of his own early ambitions. "I saw all of the Mario Lanza movies," recalled Luciano, "and when I went home

WHEN PAVAROTTI DECIDED TO GET INTO PICTURES, TOUT HOLLYWOOD CAME OUT TO SAY 'I LOVE LUCIANO'



Carol Burnett collected an autographed photo and proposed a deal: "If he'll teach me to sing, I'll teach him my Tarzan yell."

in front of the mirror I almost exploded like a chee-ken trying to imitate him with high notes. Yes, I think I always wanted to be a star." Ah, but will the baker's son find Hollywood worth it all? "After I be here awhile," he reflected, watching Carroll O'Connor and Sally Struthers crooning Cole Porter, "I might become crazy."

KAREN G. JACKOVICH

Photographs by Tony Korody/Sygma

Cary Grant came with his companion of late, publicist Barbara Harris. Exulted Pavarotti: "I'm thrilled to meet my ideal!"

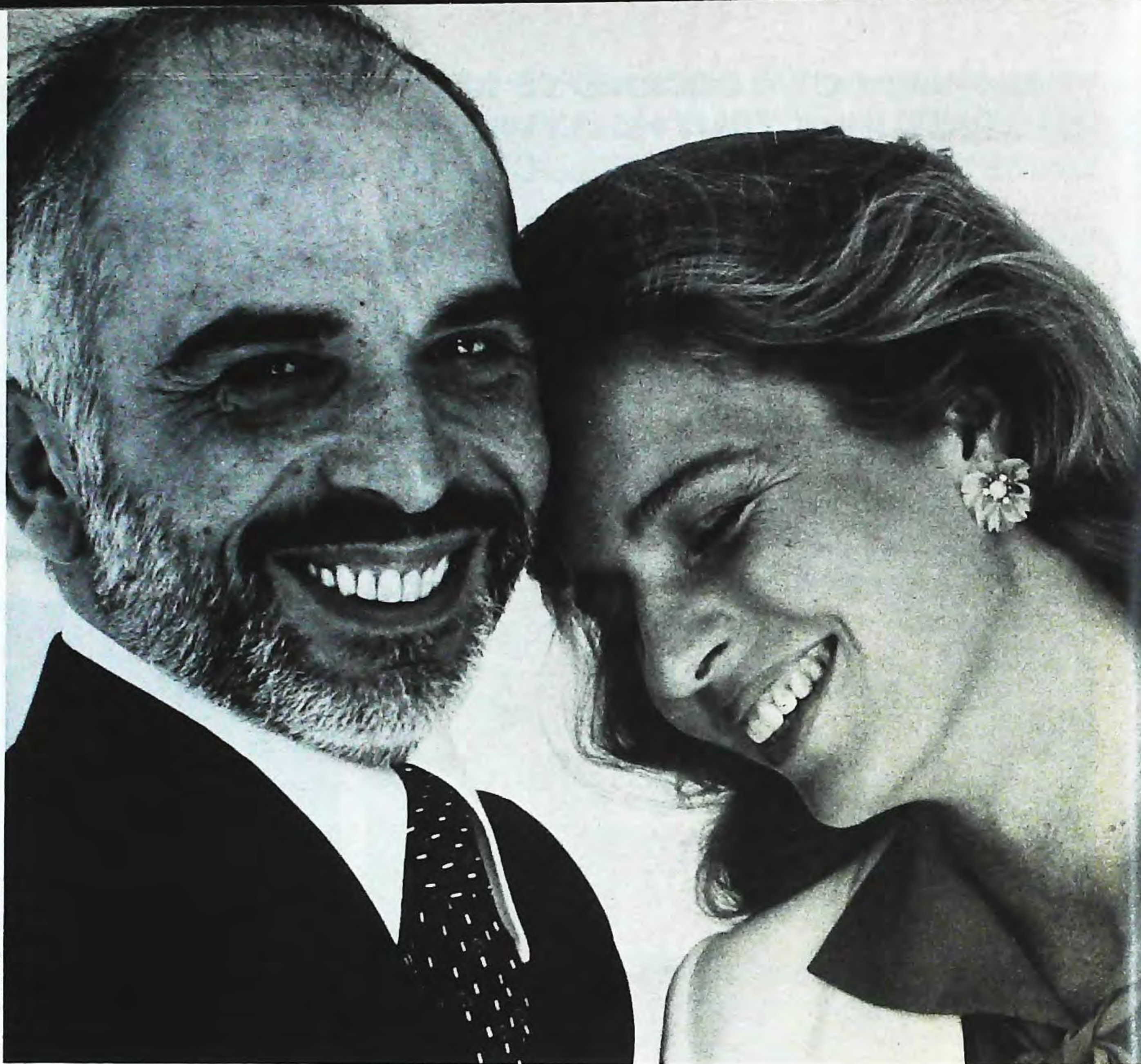


Learning that Billy Dee Williams had studied classical voice, Luciano asked if he wanted to sing and was told, "Are you kidding?"

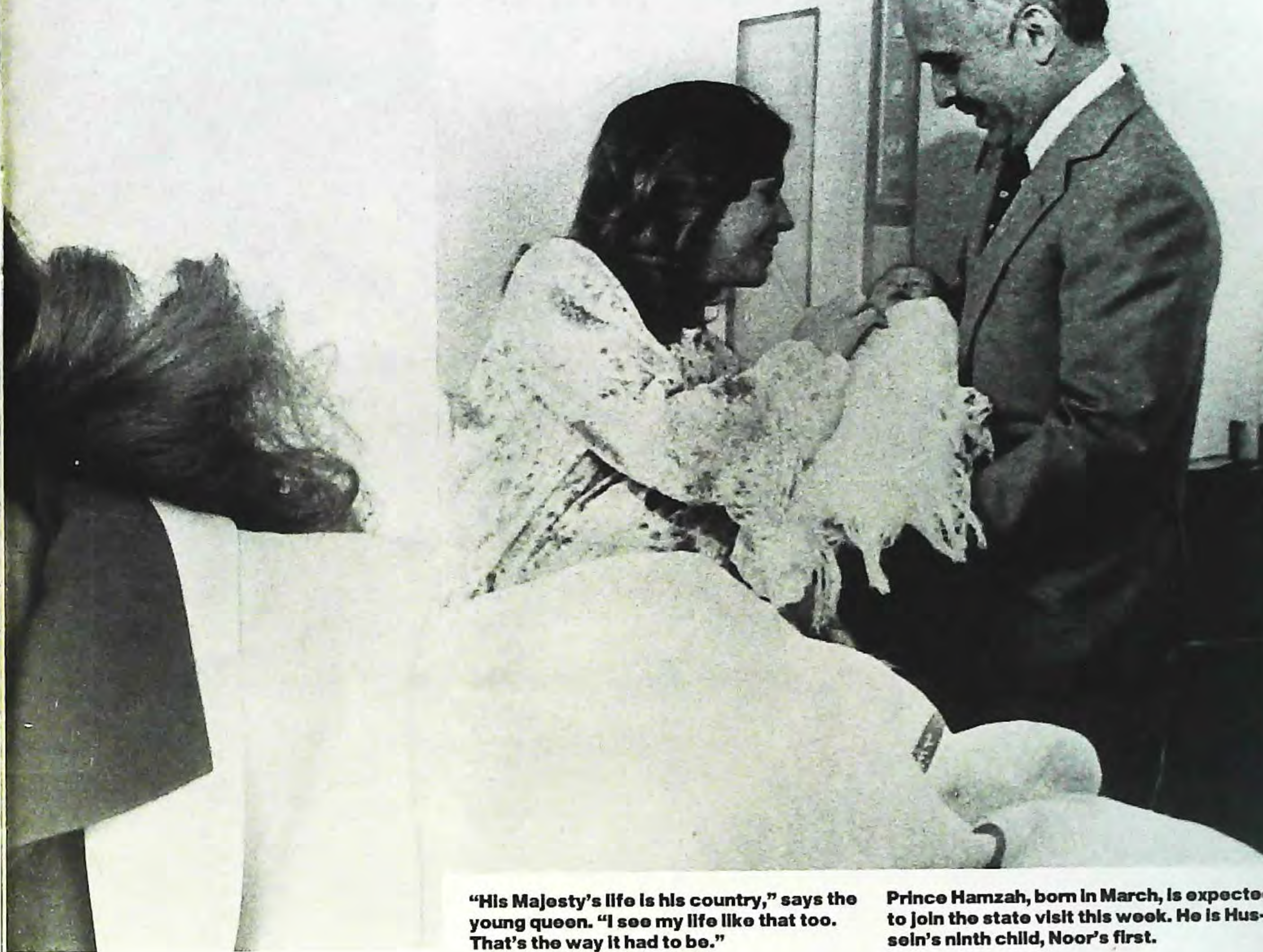


"Will you give me points?" Pavarotti asked Charlton Heston and Kirk Douglas. The racket indicated they were talking tennis, not deals.





AMERICAN-BORN LISA HALABY RETURNS TO WASHINGTON AS QUEEN NOOR OF JORDAN



"His Majesty's life is his country," says the young queen. "I see my life like that too. That's the way it had to be."

Prince Hamzah, born in March, is expected to join the state visit this week. He is Hussein's ninth child, Noor's first.

She feels the changes in her life deeply. "Nobody calls me 'Lisa' anymore," says the 28-year-old queen of Jordan. "I think of myself as 'Noor.'" Just two years ago she was Lisa Halaby, the preppy, Princeton-educated architect daughter of the former chairman of Pan American Airways. She was working as a designer and decorator for the Jordanian national airline. In a storybook romance, King Hussein—shattered by the death of his third wife in a helicopter crash—met the young American at an Amman reception. He courted her at dinner every night for four weeks, proposed, and after the wedding renamed her Noor al-Hussein—the Light of Hussein. Today she is every inch a queen. "His Majesty

and I want to present the very best of our country and ourselves," she says, without apparent self-consciousness. "I want to contribute to the peaceful and secure progress of the country."

This week Noor al-Hussein returns to Washington, the city of her birth—a far cry from the Lisa Halaby who left in 1965. For the past 15 years her husband has risked the wrath of Palestinian guerrillas, most of the Arab world and Israel, and survived three assassination attempts—only to be overlooked during the Camp David peace negotiations. He now is angry over what he feels is the Carter administration's neglect of his earlier efforts at concilia-

tion with Israel. Hussein has been noticeably cool to his old friends in Washington lately—and observers hope that this week's state visit will solve a few of his quarrels with the Carter foreign policy. The queen is clear about her loyalties. "I never felt American when I married," she says. "America was a place where I grew up, studied and developed a foundation for living. It's not that I'm rejecting America, but I've always felt at home in Jordan. I felt from the start I belonged here. This is my country."

Still, the confining life of a woman in the Islamic world has sometimes proved trying to the once-headstrong young woman who dropped out of Princeton to live in Aspen for a year

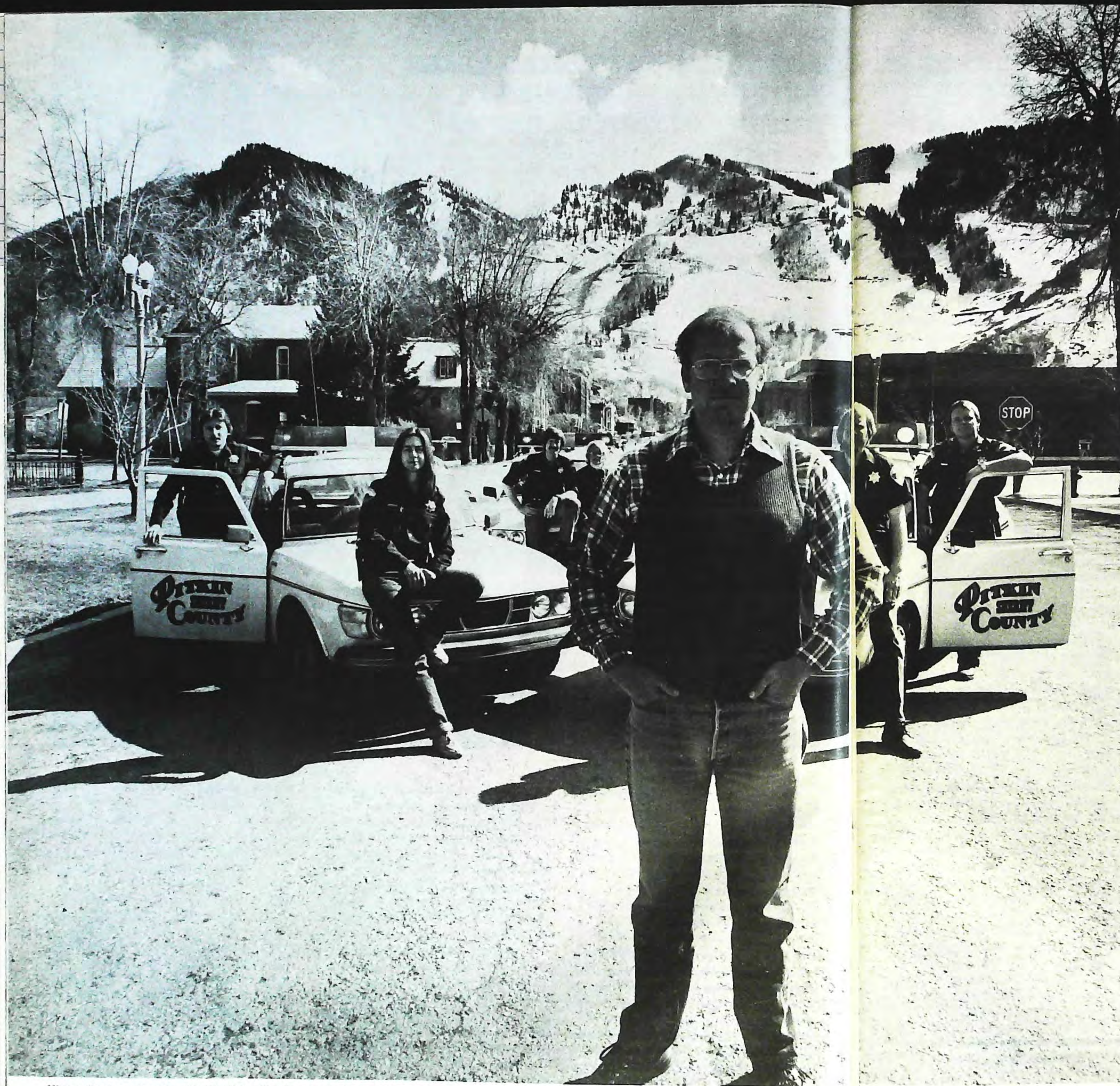
—and roomed with a male classmate as a senior. She is now mother to a 2-month-old, Prince Hamzah, fourth in line to the Jordanian throne, and is followed by servants and bodyguards wherever she goes. "I am sort of a slave," she admits. "There are times when I wonder whether it's all worth it. But when things are difficult, I realize what's at stake." The king's devotion seems absolute. "When I met Noor, everything changed. I found life again," he says. Cultural conflicts were inevitable, and Lisa Halaby's old friends would hardly recognize the deference of her language. "His Majesty put off most of his major visits until the baby was born so I could go with him," she says. "It was

very kind of him. I did indicate to him I'd be pleased to come along." Noor admits there have been necessary adjustments in her marriage to a man 16 years her senior: "Perhaps it was because I'm not his first wife. Sometimes it's as if I'd slipped into an ongoing process. Sometimes I've resented that. One wants everything special."

Nonetheless, Noor has managed to carve out a large area of influence for herself. She presides over government task forces on environment, architecture, mental health, education and conservation, and hopes to increase Jordan's use of solar energy. She runs a large staff of servants—mostly British—in three palaces, and

enjoys discussing politics with her husband. "It's a part of every moment of our lives," she says. "I'm involved in it and fascinated by it. He doesn't make a point of briefing me, but it happens. I read intelligence reports." On the eve of her trip to Washington, though, Noor kept her political observations to herself, eager not to damage what may be a delicate rapprochement between her native country and her adopted one. "I want to be part of the same process as my husband," she says. "I have a sense of duty, of mission. My situation gives me a power to build or to destroy. I can either act in a positive way or act to pull things apart."

GEORGIE ANNE GEYER



Kienast's deputies stand behind him. "Police work, if approached from the right point of view, is very satisfying," he says.

ASPEN SHERIFF RICHARD KIENAST'S HIP TOWN BACKS HIM, BUT FEDERAL NARCS CLAIM HE'S A BUST



"We're opposed to a drug-oriented society," says Kienast's nemesis, Wayne Valentine of the DEA.



"Kienast is a credit to the system," says Aspen Police Sgt. John Goodwin, who works closely with the sheriff's office.

The West has always had unconventional officers of the law: Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett. But the present-day sheriff of Pitkin County, Colo. is surely one of the oddest men ever to carry a badge. That piece of tin incidentally is the only thing that identifies him as a cop: He never wears a uniform or a gun. In nearly four years in office, Richard Kienast, 41—whose jurisdiction includes Aspen, home of Claudine Longet, John Denver and other notables—has undertaken such bizarre reforms as substituting herbal tea for coffee in hopes of reducing tension among inmates in the county jail. He abolished all ranks in the sheriff's department and issued every deputy a SAAB patrol car for his or her 24-hour use. Judges are angry at Kienast because he tried on his own to give prisoners time off for good behavior—even Longet, after she was sentenced to a mere 30 days for criminally negligent homicide. Last April, when a deputy was accused by his colleagues

of using cocaine, Kienast asked for his resignation—but did not press charges.

The sheriff's most astonishing decision was to ban all undercover work by his department. "It's more important to respect someone's rights than to arrest him," he argues. Since Aspen has long had a national reputation as a center for drugs, federal agents do not agree. They want more arrests, and one local citizen high on their list is none other than Sheriff Richard Kienast. They charge that he is derelict in his duty; he says, accurately, that he was responsible for the first jury conviction of a local drug offender in eight years—without undercover tactics.

The trouble between the sheriff's office and the Feds started in 1975, a year before Kienast was even elected, when an Aspen policeman almost shot a suspected drug dealer on a residential street. Gunplay was averted at the last moment when the man identified himself as an undercover federal

Photographs by Michael Abramson/Camera 5



At home with a nude plaster cast he calls Christina, federal surveillance victim Anthony Fairchild proclaims: "It's not against the law to be bizarre."

agent. The government has continued to infiltrate his town, Kienast says angrily, without notifying local authorities. He has demanded agents stay out, and last July, after checking with the federal Drug Enforcement Administration office in Denver, Kienast called a press conference to announce that all DEA undercover activities in Aspen had ended. A week later, federal agents arrested 32 accused drug dealers in central Colorado—two of them in Aspen. (Some of the charges have been reduced to possession.) The DEA complained that the sheriff's press conference was meant as an oblique warning to drug offenders that a raid was imminent. Community concern over what Kienast calls "an abuse of the police powers of the federal government" heightened when neighbors discovered a hidden camera that DEA had trained on the home of local inventor Anthony Fairchild. Federal agents say he was suspected of running a drug factory. Later, when a local TV station discovered what it believed to be additional surveillance equipment on its property, the sheriff

returned the equipment to embarrassed DEA officials while *60 Minutes* recorded the event. Since then, two federal grand juries have been asked to indict Kienast for obstructing justice, and have refused—but the DEA's war with the sheriff is clearly far from over. "Mr. Kienast just does not understand a true policeman's philosophy," DEA regional director Wayne Valentine complains. "He's been in a sheltered environment. He can treat those people as friends because he lives with them. I do not. When they violate the law, I must treat them as suspected felons and so should every good cop."

Kienast was once considered a very good cop. After earning degrees in philosophy and theology from Duke and Notre Dame, he dropped out of society in 1968 and moved to Aspen with his wife, Christie, 40, and three sons (there are now five, 9 through 17). He earned his living as a reporter, bartender and carpenter. Two years later he joined the Aspen Police Department, which had a reputation for vigorously enforcing drug laws—and, until a federal judge restrained it, for

cracking down on hippies. Kienast recalls one teenager who spent three months in jail for simply hitchhiking. "We were really going to clean up this town," he admits. "I enjoyed it." By 1972, Kienast was a sergeant—and a participant in a series of joint federal-Aspen police drug busts. "We were concerned that there were organized networks in the community," he says. "We went through fantastic preparations and carried guns, because drugs were heavy stuff." Gradually, Kienast began to have second thoughts. One incident particularly alarmed him. During a raid, a police officer sat on a suspect and held a gun to his head. The gun went off accidentally and missed the man's ear by a fraction of an inch. "It shows to what lengths you will go to violate people's rights for the sake of an arrest," Kienast now says. "I call it the Gordon Liddy mentality." Incensed, Kienast decided to run for sheriff. In 1976, he was elected and his reforms began.

His conduct in office has made him a local hero. As one year-round resident explains: "Cocaine is accepted here as a social drug, just like alcohol. When your average man on the street gets an extra hundred, he'll usually buy a gram of blow." Comments like that make the Feds very unhappy. "People are up in arms over Aspen and the affluence that allows them to have this attitude," says DEA boss Valentine, who sees Kienast as symbolic of a deplorable situation. With evidence gathered by Valentine's agents, a federal grand jury recently indicted former deputy sheriff Bill McCrocklin on drug charges. He is the man Kienast forced to resign for allegedly using cocaine. Prosecutors offered to let him cop a plea if he would testify against his old boss, but McCrocklin claimed that nothing he could say would implicate the sheriff. Meanwhile, Aspen seems to have settled back into quiet summer life, satisfied that for the moment anyway the DEA operation against the town has been repelled. "It's a witch-hunt," says socialite Susan Phillips. "It's just like Big Brother. Luckily, we've got Dick Kienast to protect us and four more years until 1984."

KAREN G. JACKOVICH

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W'S WIFE, MEREDITH, MADE
UGH PROMISES TO HERSELF:
N A MARATHON AND A STORE

When it comes to toy shop in the Kramer Country, Batteries Not Included Vonnegut preferred R. (Only). Meredith Broken



Something tells me I'm going to see it again tonight.

At home with a nude plaster cast he calls Christina, federal surveillance victim Anthony Fairchild proclaims: "It's not against the law to be bizarre."

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NO HASSLE



"We like customers to feel someone has pre-selected our toys," says proprietress Brokaw (left) with partner Mary Slawson, surrounded by a brood of pint-size patrons. The store specializes in imports and won't sell guns or Star Wars spin-off toys

TOM BROKAW'S WIFE, MEREDITH, MADE TWO TOUGH PROMISES TO HERSELF: TO RUN A MARATHON AND A STORE

Photograph by Raeanne Rubenstein

When it came time to name the new toy shop in the heart of Manhattan's Kramer Country, Gene Shalit proposed Batteries Not Included. Author Kurt Vonnegut preferred RKO (for Rich Kids Only). Meredith Brokaw, the wife of Shalit's *Today* show colleague Tom,

Anniversaries are the traditional time to give a full or half circle of diamonds, called the Eternity Ring. The ring shown is available for about \$3500. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. A diamond is forever. De Beers.



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STYLE



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CONTINUED
43

"I'm very proud of her," says Tom, taking time for a sidewalk coffee break with his wife. "I've never known her to fail."



Meredith circumnavigates the Central Park reservoir at least twice every morning, but she admits, "I can think of 10 reasons why not to get up."



carried the day. But, of course, she's the boss. Her choice was Penny Whistle, lifted from *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson. Explains Meredith, 39: "We didn't want anything too modern or chic."

Penny Whistle itself couldn't help winding up a little of each. On any given day, Robert's daughter Amy Redford and Andrew Lauren, son of designer Ralph, might collide there among the bristle blocks, yellow foam balls and blue kangaroos. Diana Ross and Blythe Danner can't resist coming in themselves to check out the merchandise home-tested by Meredith and her three daughters. "We're always the first kids on our block with a new toy," grins husband Tom.

Like a growing number of celebrity wives, Meredith was not content to lounge on her spouse's laurels. "I set two goals in 1978," she recalls, "to run in a marathon and to open a toy shop." She completed the New York Marathon that fall in four hours and 10 minutes. The store took longer, but Meredith and her partner, Mary Slawson, 40, wife of a Citicorp executive, would not be put off by friends' warnings about the high mortality rate of small businesses. "We

knew zero about retailing," admits Meredith, so they enrolled in a seminar on women and business, then tackled an accounting course. It took another eight months to find and convert an abandoned but charming plumbing store on upper Madison Avenue.

The locale was one factor in the store's remarkable break-even first year and its 43 percent increase in volume now in the second. Penny Whistle is nestled in the hub of some 30 schools—most of them private—attended by kiddies just itching to spend their fat allowances. Both women are always on hand, Meredith keeping track of inventory, Mary handling finances. Their staff of three (which grows to five at Christmas) welcomes the daily trade: nannies pushing prams, mothers in jogging suits, toddlers pedaling tricycles and an occasional Airedale—on a leash. The real crush comes after 3 p.m. when throngs of schoolchildren are drawn by such desirables as magnetic ladybugs, windup monsters that spit sparks or a snappy pair of Mickey Mouse suspenders.

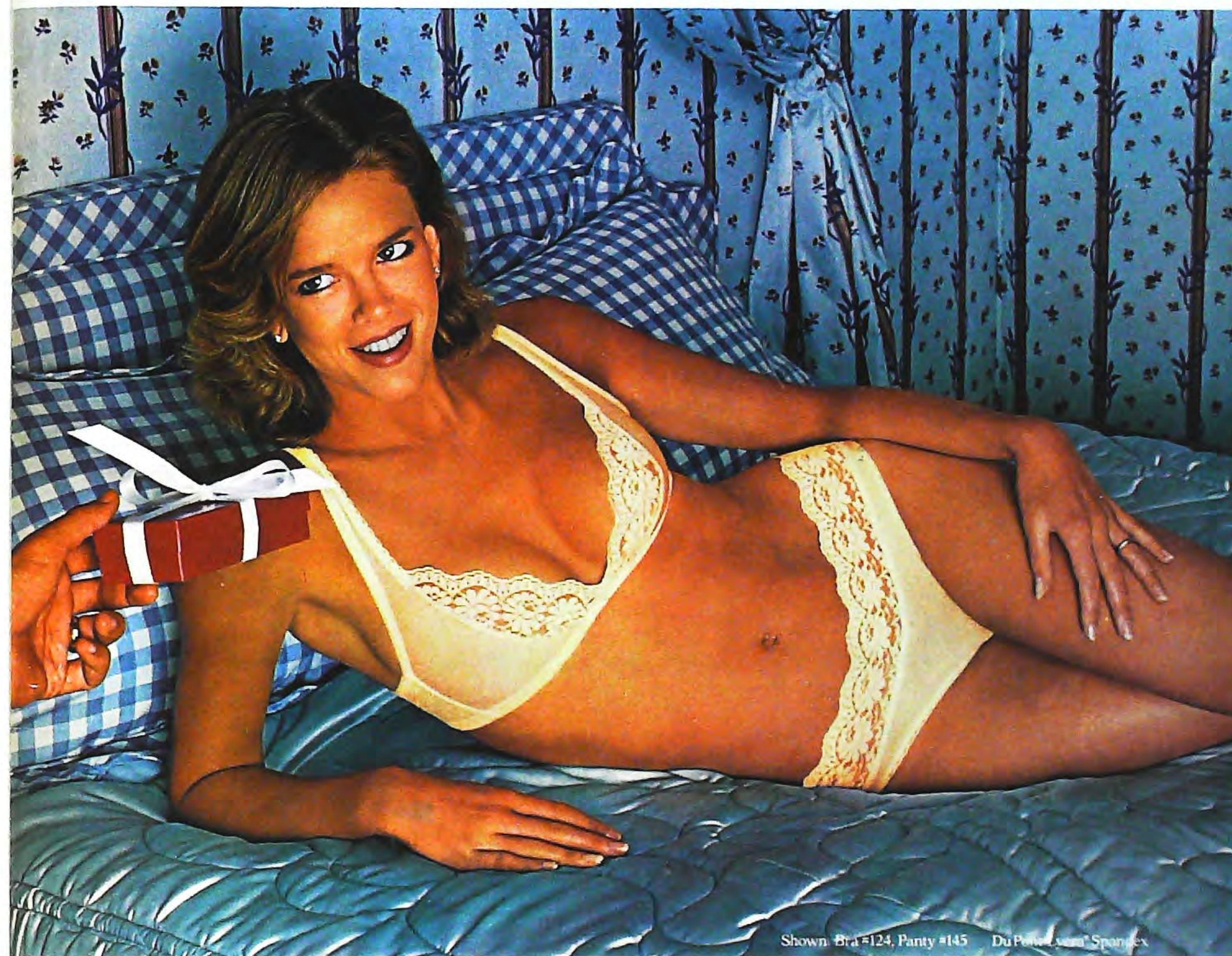
Prices range from baby dice at 20 cents to a \$175 Brio train set from Sweden. This summer the store is featuring a camper's care package (\$17.50), stuffed with games, puzzles and assorted "bunk junk."

Meredith had shelved her collection of storybook dolls by the time she met her future husband back at Yankton High in South Dakota. They married just after college graduation and, as Tom rose in the TV ranks, moved from Omaha to Atlanta, Los Angeles and Washington, D.C. In the capital Meredith taught English to foreign diplomats' families, but in New York she sought a fresh challenge. The Brokaw daughters—Jennifer, 14, Andrea, 12, and Sarah, 10—visit Mom in the store to play Parcheesi but would rather backpack. They help her set out Dad's breakfast before bedtime. He rises at 4:15 a.m. Meredith's own day begins with a 6:30 jog in Central Park followed by the *Today* show. "Tom gets the run-down the night before," she notes, "so I know which parts to watch."

Buoyed by their initial success, Brokaw and Slawson are currently scouting locations for Penny Whistle II. Meredith encourages any woman with a little spunk to try the world of commerce. "All you have to do," she advises, "is get off your duff."

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Steve Hansen

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Williams, already in firm command of Arthur Fiedler's orchestra (top), will not change the Pops' relaxed concert format. He also has no intention of chasing fire engines, as the old maestro did, though Williams admits, "I loved them when I was about 5."

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BIO

THE BOSTON POPS GETS A MOVIE COMPOSER WHO DOESN'T CHASE FIRE ENGINES AS ITS NEW BOSS

The audience cheered wildly as those droll droids from outer space took their bows. C-3PO had just led the orchestra through a few bars from the *Star Wars* theme, and R2-D2, his squat companion, had beeped a brief cadenza. Then, suddenly, the musicians crashed into *The Stars and Stripes Forever* and a giant American flag was unfurled above the stage. Great Sousa's ghost—it was almost as if the spirit of Arthur Fiedler had stormed into Symphony Hall. Yet the tall, bearded man on the podium did not in the least resemble the

late white-maned maestro—except in his ability to stir an audience. As the Boston Pops orchestra came to the end of Fiedler's signature march, which had not been heard in the hall since his death last July, 2,300 spectators rose to cheer. They stayed until conductor John Williams had returned six times.

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Photographs by Steve Hansen

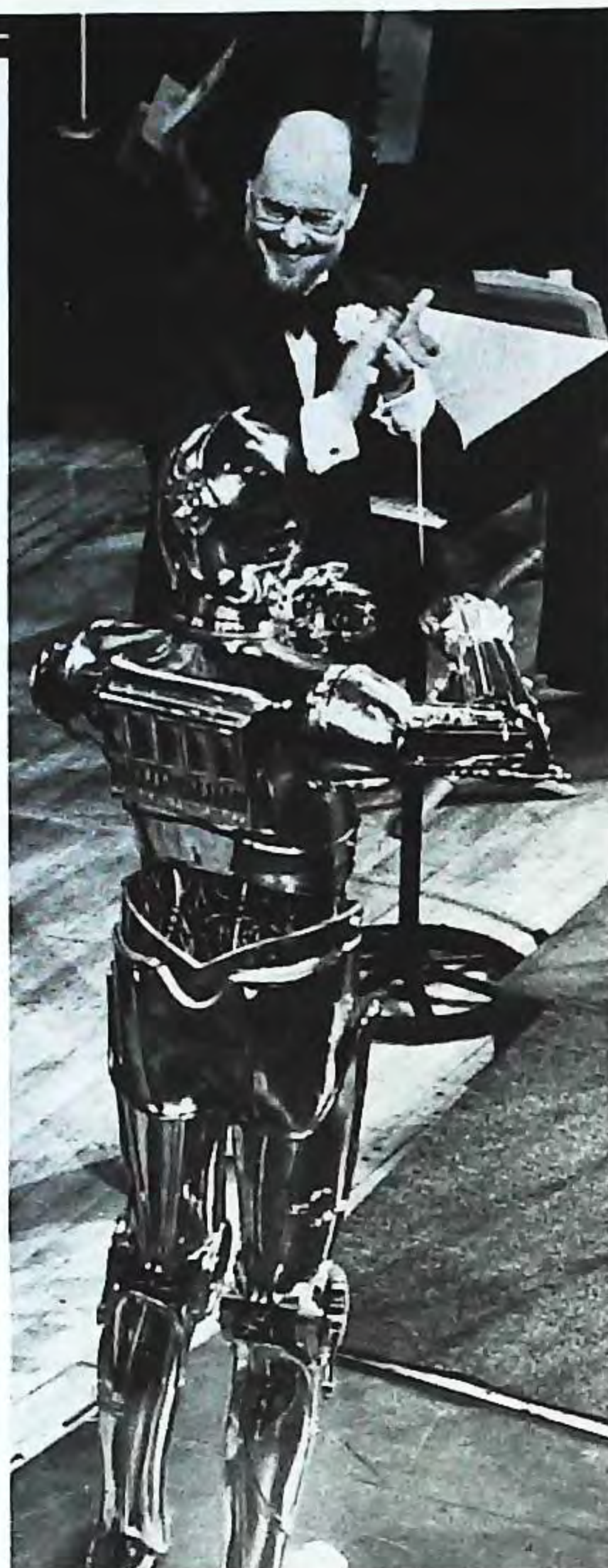
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In 1978 John got a squeeze from Olivia Newton-John and an Oscar for his most popular score, the music from *Star Wars*.

mer. "It's a question of going on from here." For 50 years the peppery, publicity-conscious Fiedler was the Pops. He made the orchestra—which is the Boston Symphony minus its 12 principal players—into a world-famous music machine with a vast repertoire of classics, light classics and popular songs. "Mr. Pops," with his occasional outlandish costumes, his TV commercials, even his curmudgeonly impatience with children, endeared himself to generations of Bostonians. In Fiedler's time Pops concerts were always sold out. Their recordings sold 50 million copies. The television show *Evening at Pops* was regularly near the top of the PBS ratings. The Pops' earnings paid about a third of the Boston Symphony's operating expenses.

The Pops' eight-month search for Fiedler's successor was as feverish as the dragnet for Scarlett O'Hara. Candidates included Mitch Miller; Erich Kunzel, conductor of the Cincinnati Pops; John Covelli, director of the Flint, Mich. Symphony; and the Pops' assistant (now associate) conductor, Harry Ellis Dickson. Williams became the



At his formal Pops debut, Williams yielded the baton while his pal C-3PO conducted a few bars from the movie that spawned him.

front-runner, and a popular choice among the musicians themselves. When his two-year appointment was announced last January 10 at a BSO rehearsal, orchestra members broke into spontaneous applause.

To a few critics, he seemed a dubious choice. Though his musical credits were impeccable, he was esteemed mainly as a composer of film scores and classical music. He wandered into conducting only because he was appalled at the way other directors recorded his works. He is one of Hollywood's top music men, with some 60 scores to his credit, including *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Jaws*, *Superman*, *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*. He has amassed 14 Oscar nominations and has won

three Oscars, two Golden Globes, two Emmys and eight Grammys. His recording of the *Star Wars* score has sold more than two million copies.

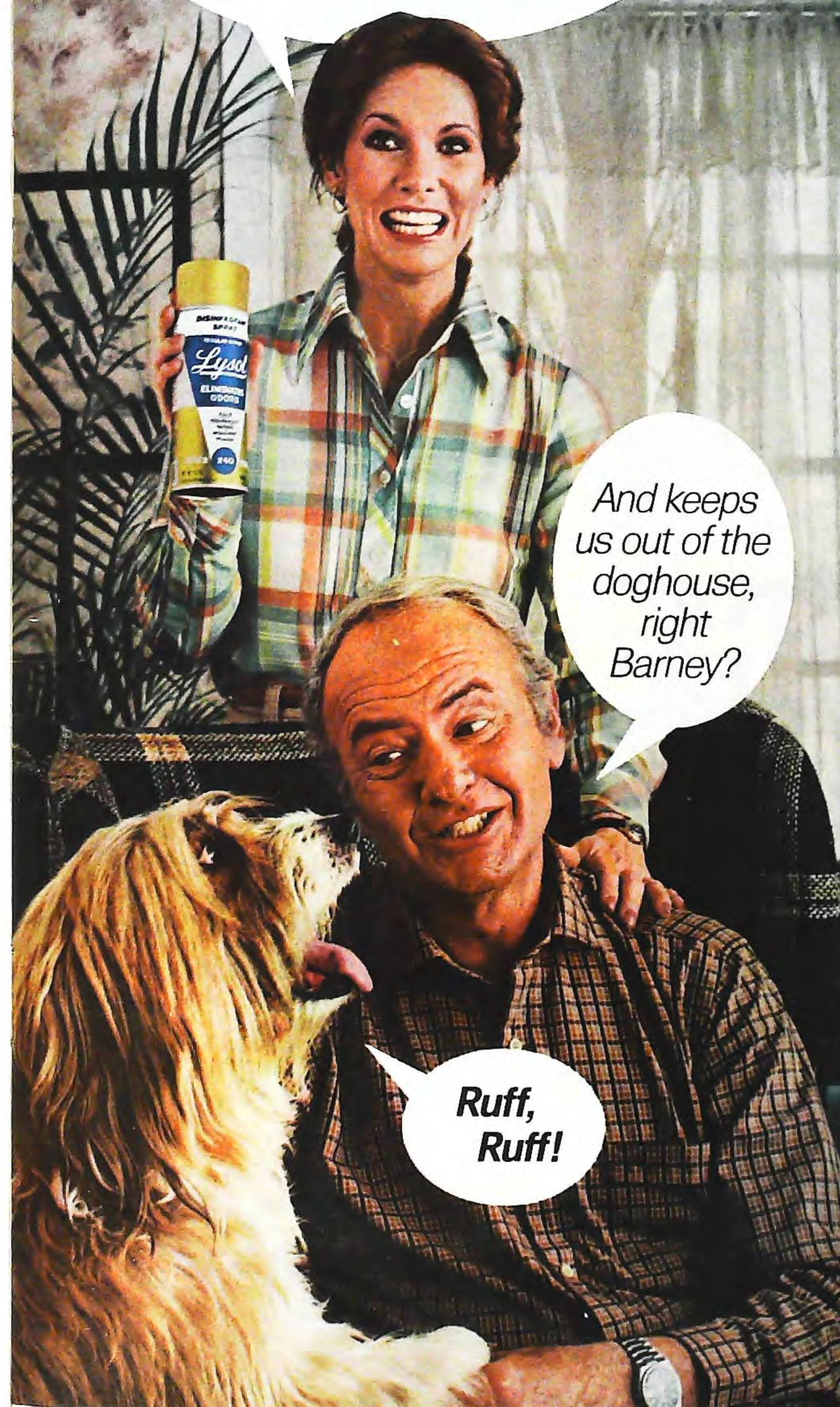
When it came to leading an orchestra, Williams' record was thin. He had guest-conducted a half dozen of them, including the Pops last year before Fiedler died, but most of his work with the baton had been in recording studios. That is vastly different from standing in front of an audience, as Williams admits. "In the studio, if I hear a noise, I stop the orchestra. I can redo," he says. "In a live concert I did in London, something went wrong, and my first instinct was to stop and do another take. But I realized I had to press on. Last year when I first conducted the Pops, people told me I waited too long between numbers. I kept waiting for the din from the audience to die down, but it never did." Instead Williams taught himself to tune out the babble from the Pops' cabaret-style tables. Conducting the orchestra, he says, "is like driving a Rolls-Royce for the first time. All that power, subtlety and responsiveness is there for you to do something with."

By and large, the Pops is enthusiastic about what he has done. "It's hard to follow anyone like Fiedler, who had become bigger than himself," says BSO concertmaster Joseph Silverstein. "But John is different, and that's his strength. He's emotionally ready, hungry for this kind of commitment. There's no L.A. hype about this guy. He's an efficient conductor with good ears."

Certainly Williams has never been one to shrink from a challenge, including the grueling production schedules that make film scoring a test of physical stamina. "It's difficult to write 60 to 90 minutes of music in six to 10 weeks," he says. "Like writing an opera, it tests your endurance. And there are frustrations, like having to record something in two minutes and 30 seconds on the nose." Before he begins, he prefers to "walk in blind" to a screening, without reading the film script beforehand. "Anyone who's read a novel and then seen the film version will understand," he explains. "When we see other visualizations they are always different, often disappointing. Completely unprepared, I get a better rhythmic response. I can pick up the kinetics better."

CONTINUED

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BIO

Williams will continue to compose for films, though the demands of his Pops assignment will reduce his output to perhaps one score a year. "It's important for me and important for the Pops that I keep visible in Hollywood," he says. Someday he would like to record a sound track with the Pops in Symphony Hall. "Some cynical people say I was chosen because I can offer the Pops film work," he observes. "They don't understand that the Pops doesn't need a job. Booking 10 days of the orchestra's time to do a *Star Wars* would be nearly impossible. The important thing is that we comfortably and happily make music together." The Pops has just signed a two-year, seven-album contract with Phonogram International. The first album, *Pops in Space*, will be recorded at Symphony Hall in June.

Williams comes by his music naturally. His father, John Sr., was a percussionist with the CBS Radio Orchestra and NBC's *Your Hit Parade*. Johnny, two younger brothers and a little sister grew up in Flushing, N.Y. surrounded by musicians and talk about music. He vividly remembers the day he was taken to the CBS studio to hear his father perform. "The first sounds of the orchestra, the deafening noises of the brasses, the color of the sound—it was the biggest single turn-on," he says. "The orchestra became my passion." Williams took his first piano lesson at 7, and later mastered the trombone, trumpet and clarinet. In 1948 the family moved to Los Angeles, where John Sr. free-lanced for studio orchestras. He and John's mother, Esther, live there now in retirement; John's brothers, Jerry and Don, are percussionists, and sister Joan teaches piano.

Throughout his childhood, young John's absorption in music continued. By the time he graduated from North Hollywood High School in 1950, he was studying orchestration on his own, and playing, arranging and composing for the school band. While at UCLA studying piano and composition, he wrote his first extended piece, a piano sonata. His college career was cut short in



John works with guest Ray Charles at rehearsal. He'll drop heavy numbers like Beethoven's Fifth from the repertory.

1952 by the draft, but his musical education continued. During a three-year hitch as an airman he played piano and conducted and arranged for an Air Force band in Riverside, Calif. After his discharge he headed for New York and studied at Juilliard under Rosina Lhevinne, the formidable Russian emigrée pedagogue. "I showed her some things I had orchestrated," he remembers. "She was surprised—not at the quality of what I had done, but that I had done it at all." On the side, he played jazz piano in nightclubs.

Returning to Los Angeles in 1956, Williams auditioned as a pianist for Columbia and 20th Century-Fox, and wound up playing "for all the greats of the film industry—Alfred Newman, Franz Waxman, Max Steiner, Dimitri Tiomkin. I was lucky to find myself on the inside when I was quite young." Early on, he was asked if he could orchestrate. "With all the temerity of youth," he recalls, "I said I could." His first musical arrangements were for Billy Wilder in *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment*. He wrote his first complete score for Columbia's 1960 film *Because They're Young*. He also made six LPs with André Previn and scored TV shows like *Kraft Theater* and *Playhouse 90*.

Today critic Gene Shalit, a Boston Symphony overseer, says, "The orchestra will play their hearts out for John."



During the 1960s Williams composed for big-budget features like *Diamond Head* and unmentionables like *Gidget Goes to Rome*. In 1971 he won an Emmy for a TV version of *Jane Eyre* and his first Oscar for the screen adaptation of *Fiddler on the Roof*. He went on to do the music for *Earthquake*, *The Towering Inferno* and *The Poseidon Adventure*, qualifying himself to score the Apocalypse. By the time he wrote the ominous, surging score for *Jaws*, Williams was becoming one of the most sought-after composers in Hollywood. "His biggest contribution," Lionel Newman, vice-president for music at 20th Century-Fox, has said, "may have been to make people aware of the importance of music to films." Added *Jaws* producer David Brown: "We find out first if we can get Williams for a movie before we assign a writer or look at actors."

A widower since 1974, when his wife, Barbara, died of a cerebral hemorrhage after 18 years of marriage,

CONTINUED



BIO

Williams still finds her loss difficult to discuss. He will say only, "She is the mother of my children." Their daughter, Jennifer, 23, is a premed student at the University of Southern California, son Mark, 22, plays drums in a Los Angeles rock band, and Joe, 20, is studying music at Valley College in Los Angeles. Williams himself has settled into a rented house on Beacon Hill in Boston with a Baldwin piano, also rented, and his beautiful dark-haired wife of one week, Samantha Winslow, 35. A successful interior decorator and photographer, Winslow met Williams at a Hollywood recording session five years ago.

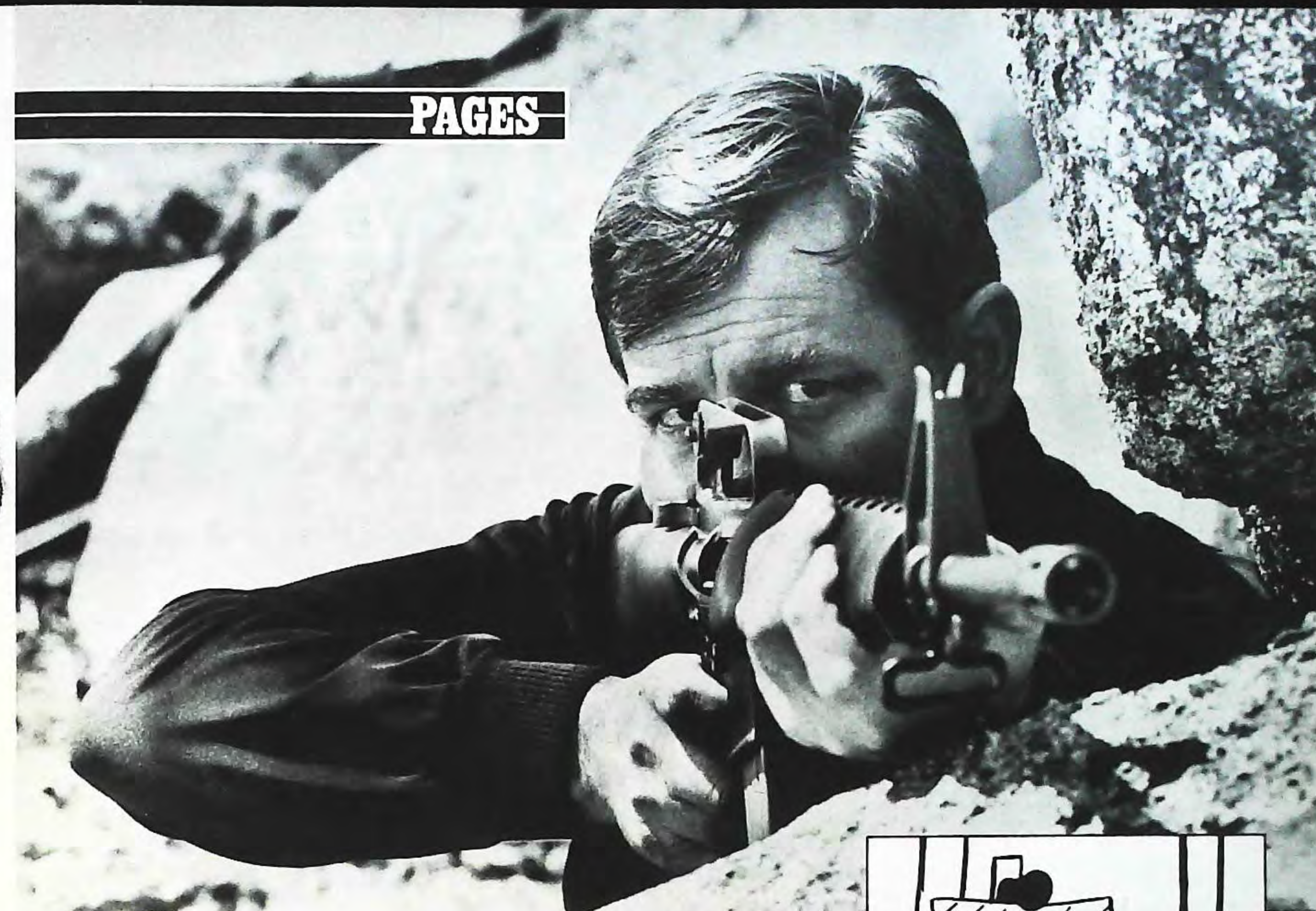
When not involved with the Pops, or recording in England with the London Symphony, Williams enjoys playing chamber music with California friends or "bashing a few golf and tennis balls around." He won't have time for either in the near future. The Pops ends its regular season on July 20, but will be performing outdoors until August. After that Williams will return to Hollywood and will begin work in December on a score and sound track for Steven Spielberg's *The Raiders*. Early in 1982 he will be composing for the second *Star Wars* sequel, due out in 1983. Somewhere along the line, plans must be made and music commissioned for the BSO's gala 100th anniversary next year.

Williams exults in his tumultuous schedule. "I'm a bit ahead of myself all the time," he admits, "and sometimes I think I should slow down. But 'Ripeness is all,' Shakespeare said. An apple is great but only at that moment. It's true of everything, especially music. It's true of instruments and the people who play them. It's true of food and sex and everything we do." Clearly, music is Williams' pleasure as well as his business. "All I want to do is work," he says. "If Armageddon came and blew up everything, in a few days someone would pick up a reed, even if only for a war song. The impulse to make music is the greatest fun in life. I guess I'm living my dream. I'm just asking for more of it."

GAIL JENNES

The day before their wedding, John and Samantha strolled in Boston's Public Garden. A decorator, she redid his Symphony Hall office.

PAGES



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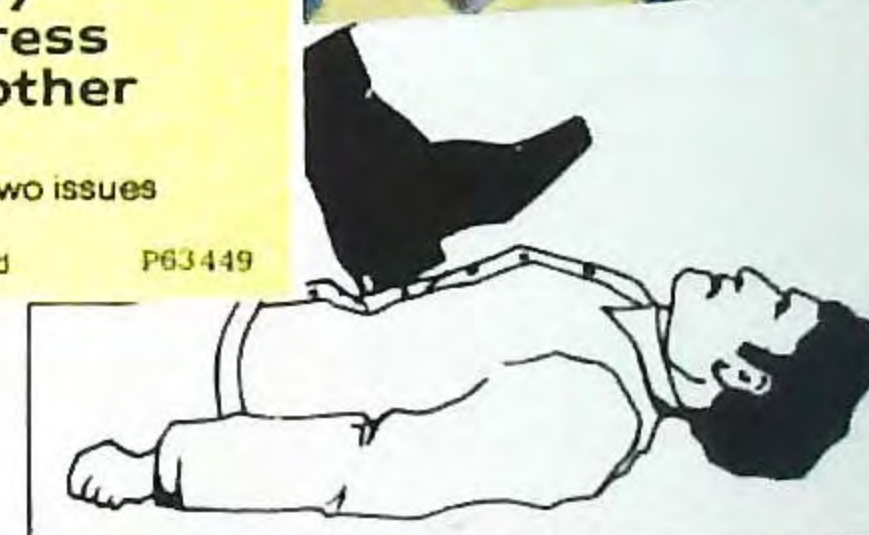
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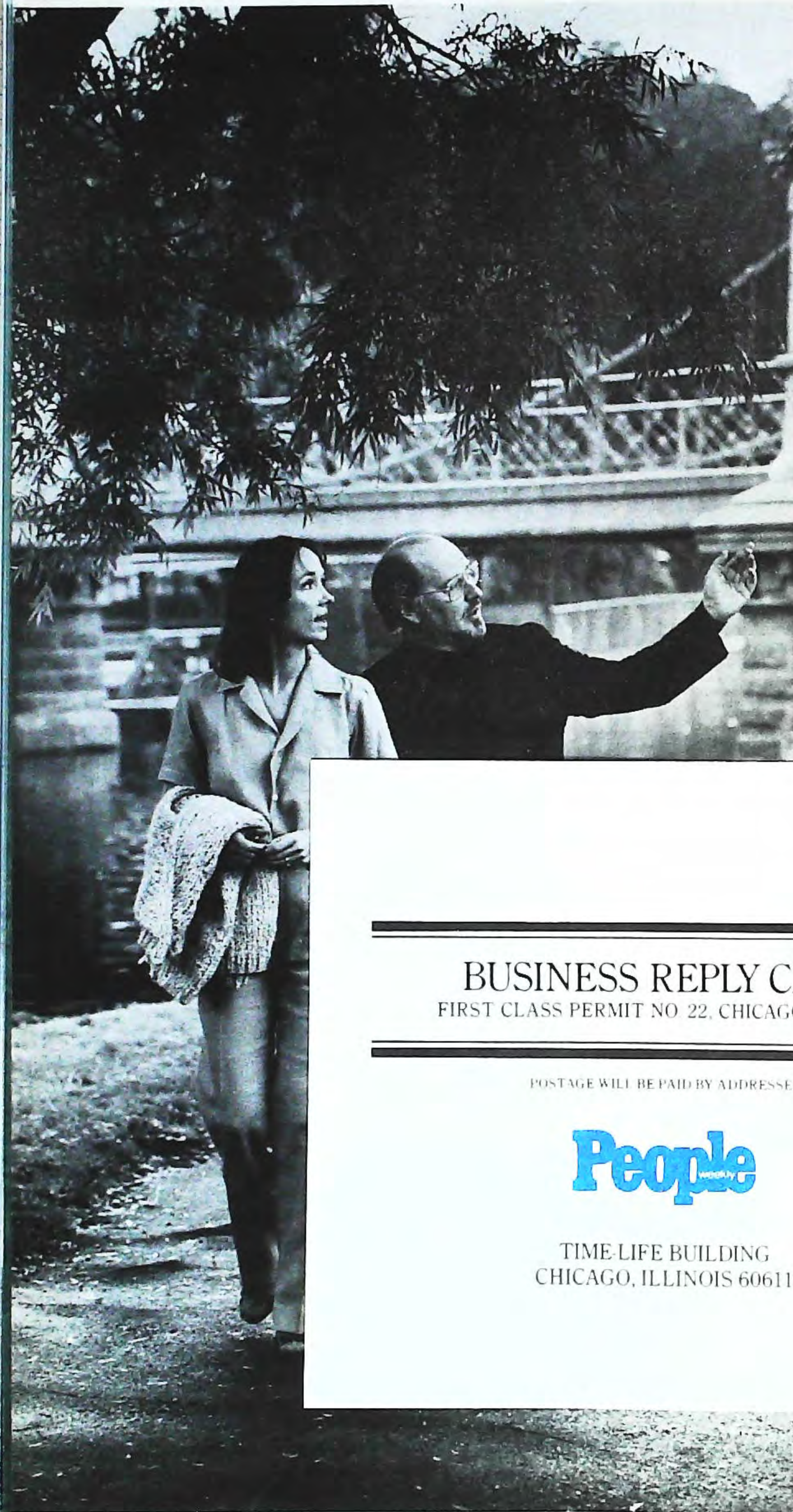
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don't need this book," he says. "There's nothing in it they don't know. And knowledge by itself isn't dangerous. I've known all these techniques for years, and I don't go around killing peo-

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BIO

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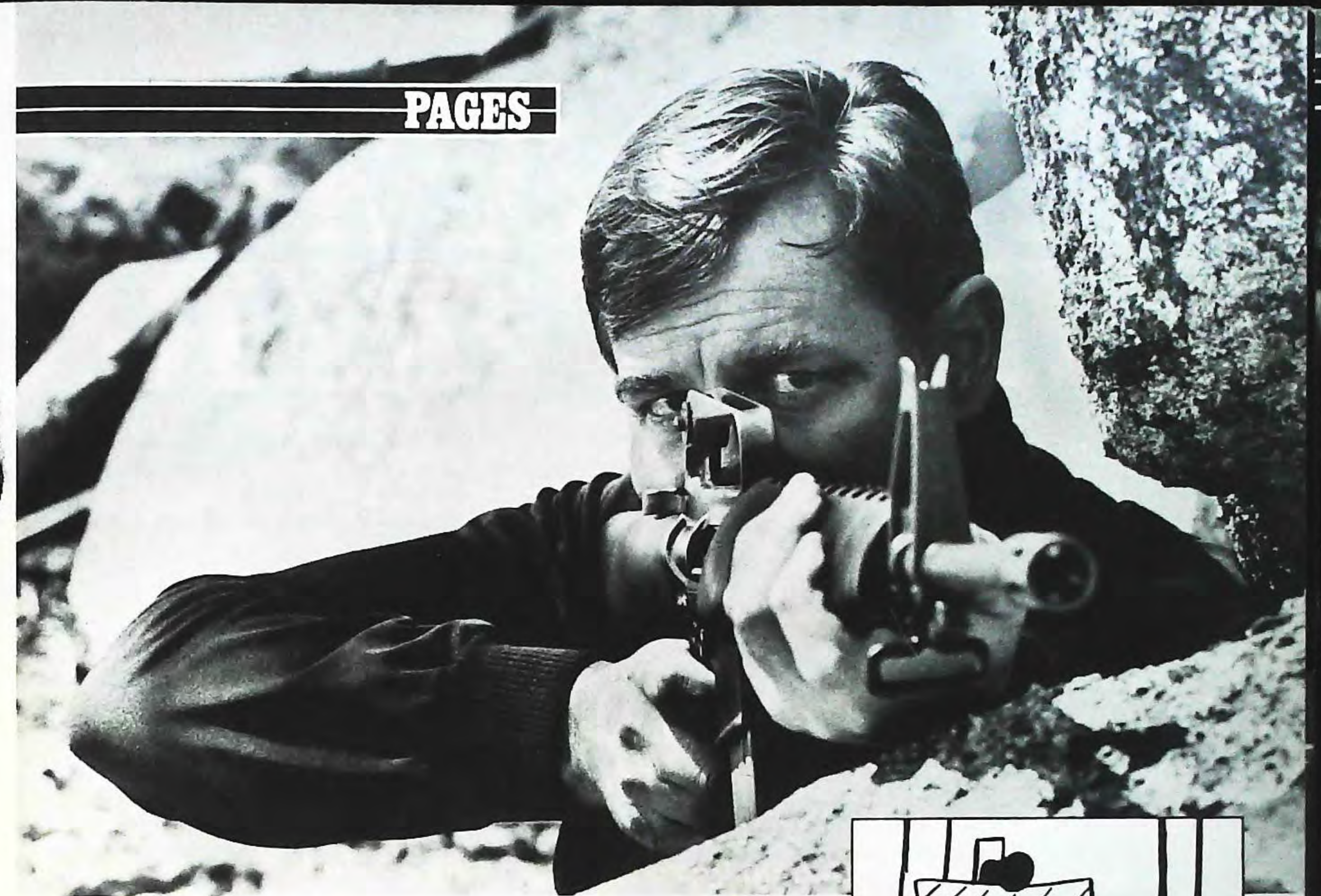
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Years since Herbert, whose in Vietnam called him "The An- was relieved as commander of 73rd Airborne Brigade. The ss who sacked him challenged Her- account of both battlefield and an atrocities. Within a dizzying the former lieutenant colonel d from hero to rebel to villain. Af- ter attacking angrily in his best- aphs by Dale Wittner

vealing secrets and aiding terrorists, Herbert, 50, maintains that much of his information comes from unclassified government documents. "Terrorists don't need this book," he says. "There's nothing in it they don't know. And knowledge by itself isn't dangerous. I've known all these techniques for years, and I don't go around killing peo-

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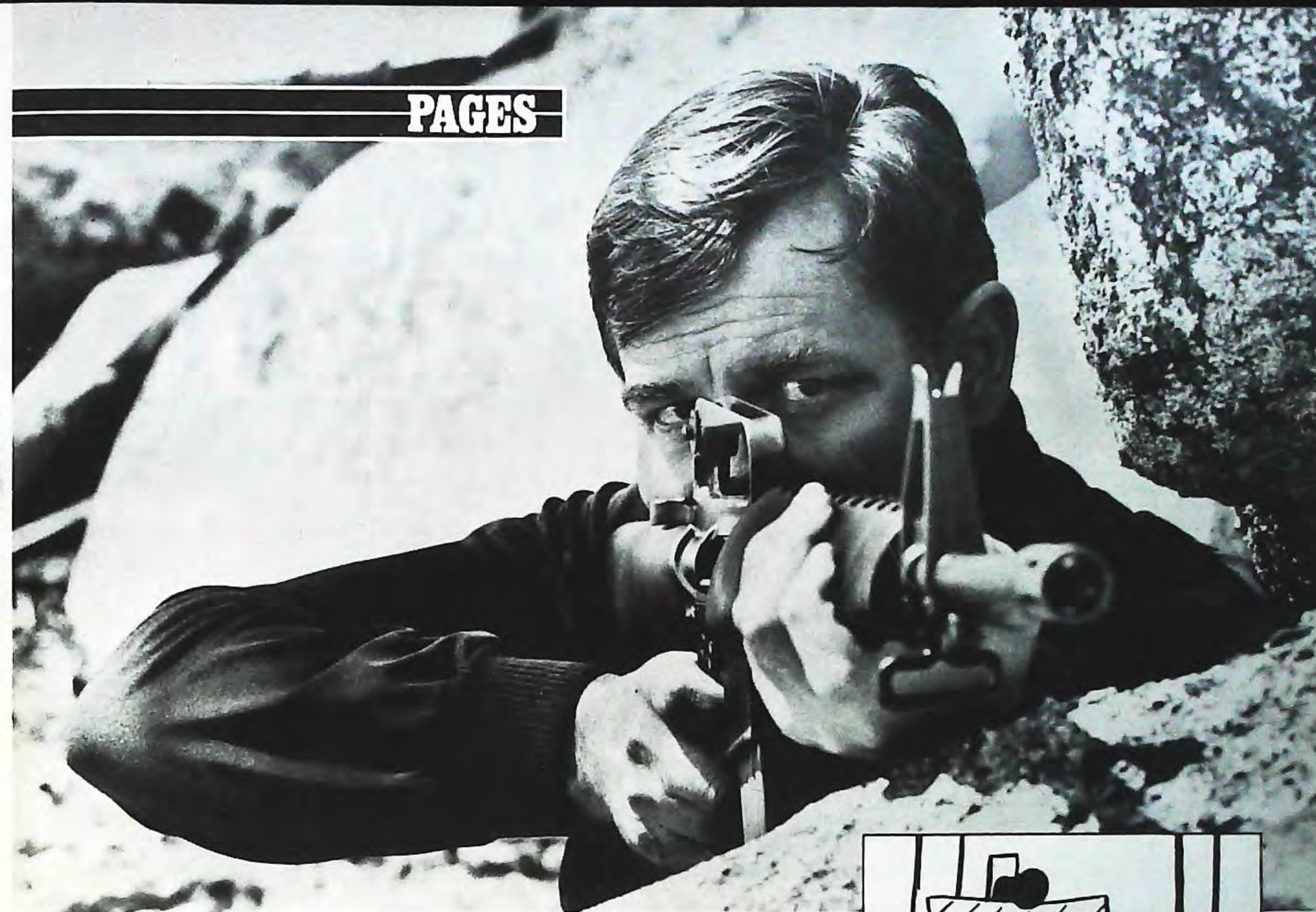


Williams still finds her loss difficult to discuss. He will say only, "She is the mother of my children." Their daughter, Jennifer, 23, is a premed student at the University of Southern California, son Mark, 22, plays drums in a Los Angeles rock band, and Joe, 20, is studying music at Valley College in Los Angeles. Williams himself has settled into a rented house on Beacon Hill in Boston with a Baldwin piano, also rented, and his beautiful dark-haired wife of one week, Samantha Winslow, 35. A successful interior decorator and photographer, Winslow met Williams at a Hollywood recording session five years ago.

When not involved with the Pops, or recording in England with the London Symphony, Williams enjoys playing chamber music with California friends or "bashing a few golf and tennis balls around." He won't have time for either in the near future. The Pops ends its regular season on July 20, but will be performing outdoors until August. After that Williams will return to Hollywood and will begin work in De-



The day before their wedding, John and Samantha strolled in Boston's Public Garden. A decorator, she redid his Sym Hall office.



OLD SOLDIER TONY HERBERT WON'T FADE AWAY; HE HAS A MANUAL OF MAYHEM FOR EVERYMAN

Want to know what's wrong with the Army today? Ask Tony Herbert, who came out of the Korean war as one of the Army's most decorated GIs. "Our soldiers are trained to march in parades, while the enemy's learn to trot cross-country for 50 miles overnight, arrive in good shape, ready to fight. We give our soldiers a Coca-Cola, beer, junk food, a 4,000-calorie-a-day diet, while theirs are cut down to 800 and drink swamp water. We send soldiers out to die, while the enemy's are trained, conditioned and sent out to win."

It is 11 years since Herbert, whose troops in Vietnam called him "The Animal," was relieved as commander of the 173rd Airborne Brigade. The brass who sacked him challenged Herbert's account of both battlefield and civilian atrocities. Within a dizzying year, the former lieutenant colonel passed from hero to rebel to villain. After counterattacking angrily in his best-

Photographs by Dale Wittner

selling 1973 autobiography, *Soldier*, Herbert sued CBS' *60 Minutes* for libel, claiming he was depicted as "a psychopathic liar, an opportunist advancing himself on the issue of war crimes, and a killer." (The case is still pending.) Now Herbert, who retired from the Army in 1972, has written another book, a manual of guerrilla warfare and outdoor survival. Martially packaged in a plain khaki canvas cover and extravagantly priced (\$100), *The Soldier's Handbook* introduces the reader to a bloody world of do-it-yourself killing.

Shrugging off charges that he is revealing secrets and aiding terrorists, Herbert, 50, maintains that much of his information comes from unclassified government documents. "Terrorists don't need this book," he says. "There's nothing in it they don't know. And knowledge by itself isn't dangerous. I've known all these techniques for years, and I don't go around killing peo-

CONTINUED



Herbert (top), who sneers at current military training, calls *Soldier's Handbook* "more powerful than any gun." Its illustrated tips include instruction on securing a door (above) and stomping a prostrate victim to death.



THE REAL DISASTER CAN HIT WHEN YOU TRY TO COOK.

With most homeowners insurance, you collect a toaster-oven or so if your stove goes up in smoke.

Well, it's Aetna Life & Casualty to the rescue! With a Homeowners Contents Replacement Cost Coverage that gives you more than the usual depreciated value of what you lose.

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ple." Some fear that his readers may not exercise similar restraint after learning how to kill with a bare fist or how to construct mini-bombs using mouse traps or dried peas as detonators. Though primitively written and illustrated, Herbert's 611-page book is quite sophisticated about the uses of

violence. He includes recipes for poison drinks thought up by an inmate in a Wisconsin mental hospital and how-to information on exploding light bulbs, electrically wired urinals and the infamous glue pie that smothers a victim when thrown in his face.

At first Herbert tried to prevent the book's sale to anyone with a criminal record by requiring detailed identification. Lawyers said this was illegal. The

book is available by mail order and in some gun shops. The publisher, Cloverleaf Press of Englewood, Colo., has tried, with doubtful success, to keep the manual out of the hands of convicts in jails and prisons. "It's hard," says Cloverleaf board chairman Shirley Brown. "They all have box numbers."

A coal miner's son, Herbert was born and raised in tiny Herminie, Pa. He enlisted in the Army at 16 by lying about his age, and at 20 became the youngest sergeant major in U.S. military history. He was encouraged to attend college by Eleanor Roosevelt, whom he met on a post-Korean war tour of Europe, and graduated from the University of Pittsburgh in 1956 with degrees in creative writing, psychology and Far Eastern studies. Reenlisting as a second lieutenant that same year, he rose swiftly through the ranks until Vietnam.

Now leading a nomadic existence, moving from motel to motel and office to office because of threats and harassment, Herbert refuses to disclose the whereabouts of his wife, Marygrace, and daughter Toni. As *Dr. Herbert*, with a Ph.D. in psychology from the University of Georgia, he maintained a practice in behavioral modification in Boulder, Colo. until recently. He believes in confronting problems head-on. "Anything I work on can be cured in eight weeks," he says brusquely. "Long-term treatment is bullshit. Bed-wetting takes one night, stuttering two to four hours. For other problems I occasionally use shame therapy."

His ultimate ambition, shared with former astronaut Wally Schirra and some 20 other famous Americans, is to open a summer camp for future leaders. "The Rockefellers, the Kennedys, they train their kids to be leaders," Herbert declares. "The rest of us train ours to be drones. We want to take kids who have been recognized as risk takers and heroes by their police departments and towns and have them taught by America's heroes." Though Herbert says he owns no property and has given away most of his money to war orphans, he insists that financial obstacles will not stand in the way of his dream.

"I'm a revolutionary," he says. "There's no question. But everything that happens to me reinforces this feeling that I'm a hell of a lot better than you are, Gunga Din."

MARNE DAVIS KELLOGG



Still a hero to many enlisted men, Herbert finds a willing listener (above) during a visit to Lowry Air Force Base in Denver.

Herbert's readers are not all in uniform. Below, he reviews the fine points of his book with fans in a Rocky Mountain bar.



"DID YOU PIVOT TODAY?"



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People can tell by the look on your face.
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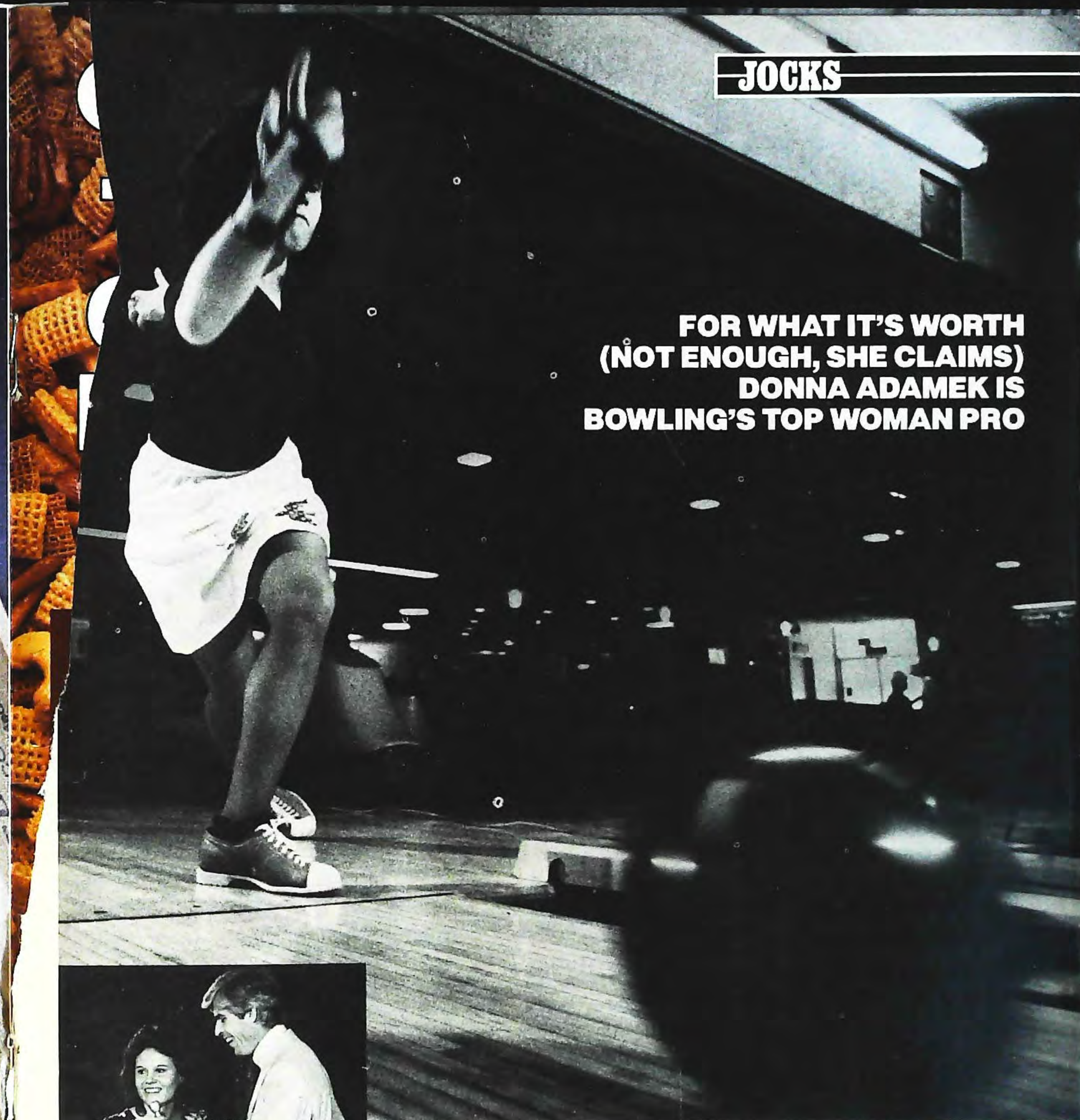
Still a hero to many enlisted men, Herbert finds a willing listener (above) during a visit to Lowry Air Force Base in Denver.

Herbert's reader Below, he reviews book with fans in



Reg.: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
Men.: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



JOCKS

**FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH
(NOT ENOUGH, SHE CLAIMS)
DONNA ADAMEK IS
BOWLING'S TOP WOMAN PRO**



Tiny Donna Adamek makes up for size by bowling with unusual finesse. "She's a perfectionist," says her coach. Above, she is the winner of the \$5,000 first prize at last year's Pabst Extra Light Open in Baltimore.

You'd see this little person walk up to the alley," recalls a pro bowling official, "and you'd think, 'No way.' " The 5'2", 125-pound Donna Adamek foole a lot of people. But for the past two years she has been named Woman Bowler of the Year, and she's only 23. Her bank account has not kept pace with her reputation, she complains. "Here I am, at the top of my sport, and

9423
braska 68009

Beefeater label?

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ewel of England.

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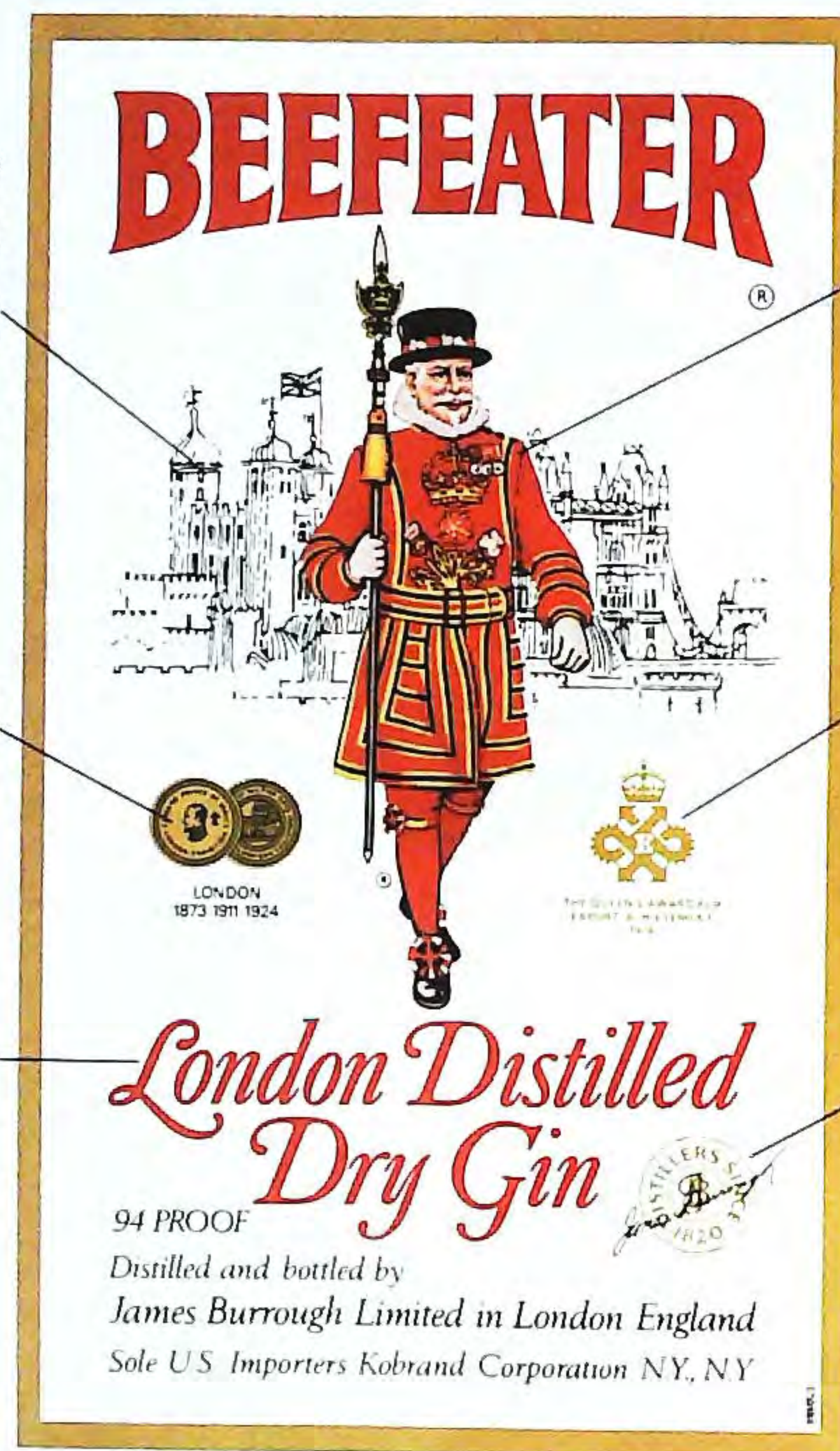
What's missing on this Beefeater® label?

If you know, you could win a \$25,000 first prize, \$5,000 second prize, or one of five runner-up \$1,000 prizes!

The Crown Jewels of England are guarded in the Tower of London. You may look, but you may not touch. Beefeater is the only Crown Jewel you can own.

What's missing is not colored gold. But its color is important.

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Front

The link between the Beefeater and the Crown Jewels of England goes back over 900 years.

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The Beefeater Martini is justifiably famous—but not the only way to enjoy Beefeater. Excellence is excellence, in whatever you drink.

Each bottle of Beefeater has its own identification number. It helps us keep track of your bottle from the time it leaves the distillery.

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London Distilled
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Back

OFFICIAL RULES: (No Purchase Required) 1. Compare the Beefeater label shown in this ad, front and back, with the label from an actual bottle of Beefeater Gin, 750 ml size. 2. On the official entry form on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper hand-print your name and address and tell us the one tiny detail missing on the label shown in this ad. 3. Mail in a hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4 1/2" x 9 1/2" (#10 envelope) to: Beefeater Gin Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9423, Blair, Nebraska 68009. 4. **IMPORTANT!** In order to be eligible for a prize, you must hand-print on the lower left hand corner of your mailing envelope the same answer as on your entry form. 5. Entries must be received by August 31, 1980. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. 6. Winners will be determined in a random drawing from among all correct entries received. If fewer than seven correct entries are received, prizes not awarded via correct entries will be awarded via random drawings from all entries received. Drawings are under the supervision of the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All prizes will be awarded. 7. If you wish a reprint of the 750 ml front and back label, send a SEPARATE self-addressed, stamped envelope for each reprint you wish to: Beefeater Label, P.O. Box 7117, Blair, Nebraska 68009. Your request must be received by July 31, 1980. 8. This sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States of legal drinking age in their state of residence at time of entry. Not eligible: employees of Kobrand Corp., its distributors, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies and their families. Sweepstakes is void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and wherever prohibited by law. Limit one prize per family. No substitution of prizes. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. All applicable taxes are the responsibility of the winner. 9. For a list of prize-winners, send a SEPARATE self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Beefeater Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 9387, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

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We're not saying. Yet.

Get your own bottle of Beefeater from your liquor cabinet. Or, should you be in your favorite bar, ask your friend behind the bar to hand you the

Beefeater bottle for a moment.

Compare the label with the one shown here. Something here is missing! Tell us what it is, and you could win a great deal of money.

Incidentally, there is no rule against pausing now and then, as you study the Beefeater bottle, to savor what's inside it.

After all, what's outside is not the main attraction.

Men.: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine

JOCKS

sighs Adamek, "Tracy Austin wins in a single tournament."

That may change. Donna and such competitors as Paula Sperber Carter and Linda Woodruff, Miss Kentucky of 1979 and now a pro bowler, are boosting the sport's glamor quotient. Bigger sponsors are financing the tour, and the women pros' association is negotiating with CBS for regular coverage. "Women bowlers have the image of truck drivers from way back," says Donna, "but it isn't that way now. We're more ladylike than the golfers."

Youngest of four children, Donna grew up in Monrovia, Calif., 14 miles northeast of Los Angeles. She has always bowled right-handed, but does everything else with her left. "She'd set the table when she was little," recalls her mother, Eula, "and all the silver would be opposite." At 10, she could outbowl her parents (rolling a 200 in only her fourth game). After dropping out of Cal State at 19 in 1976, she joined the pro tour.

In 1977 she led it with best average score, 207.166, and again the next year, with 203.68. Adamek is already seventh on the all-time earnings list and, despite her pleas of penury, she supplemented her tournament income last year with about \$30,000 from exhibitions and endorsements. She uses a 15-pound 10-ounce ball, six ounces lighter than the maximum allowed,

heavy for a woman her size. She owns about 100 bowling balls (provided free by her sponsor, Columbia Industries, Inc.) and wears one out every two or three weeks. Because she needs varying grips depending on alley conditions (the amount of oil on the lanes, for instance), she carries a half dozen with her on the road.

Until recently Donna drove to many tournaments in a customized van, but now, because her schedule is crowded with clinics and personal appearances, she usually flies. She also moved out of her parents' home and bought a \$67,000 condominium that she shares with a high school friend, Pam Douglass. On the road, she usually settles into a motel and watches TV, preferably soap operas. "I guess I'm a loner," she says, "but you don't see any of the girls who are serious about winning out dancing the night before a tournament."

Adamek dated a movie stunt man regularly for a while, but now is concentrating on her game, with one to two hours of practice every morning under the supervision of Tosh Kinjo, her coach. "I like my freedom," she says. After a recent tournament in Arcadia, Calif., she went on a rare date to see *Coal Miner's Daughter* and a friend kidded her, "Donna, it must be someone special." Adamek shrugs. "I only wanted to see the movie."

JIM CALIO

Donna is a "cookie freak" who also drinks Coke with her breakfast eggs. In the kitchen she goes over her busy 1980 tournament and exhibition schedule.

Adamek has given away most of the 250 trophies she's won, but still collects a few—plus stuffed animals and beer signs.



Photographs by Curt Gunthor/Camera 5

COUPLES



Frank Perry and Barbara Goldsmith, each trying a second take at marriage, work on the plot in their Manhattan apartment.

AUTHOR BARBARA GOLDSMITH AND DIRECTOR FRANK PERRY ONLY COLLABORATE OFF CAMERA

Author Barbara Goldsmith spent five years researching someone else's bitter family feud. She is not anxious to have one of her own, and her husband, film director Frank Perry, agrees. At issue is her just-published book on the 1934 custody battle over Gloria Vanderbilt, then a 10-year-old American princess.

"Who wouldn't want to direct the movie of *Little Gloria, Happy at Last*?" he says. "I'm panting to do it. But not if it will damage the relationship with Barbara."

Goldsmith is wary of creating con-

flict too. She says she would like to write the screenplay, "but I would have trepidation doing one with Frank. I never wanted people to say: 'Barbara's riding his talent.'" It's a particularly sensitive area since Frank's first wife, Eleanor, was a scriptwriter who teamed up with him on such successful films as *David and Lisa* and *Diary of a Mad Housewife*. They were divorced in 1971 on grounds of incompatibility.

Little Gloria was published this week by Alfred Knopf with paperback rights already sold for \$672,000. A million-dollar film deal is in the works

—no director specified. The book meticulously reconstructs the trial in which Gertrude Whitney, a blue-blooded patron of the arts, tried to prove that her sister-in-law, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, was an unfit mother. Gertrude won the case (the elder Gloria was accused of being a lesbian) and custody of the child. In her research, Goldsmith traveled to seven countries, interviewed 202 people at least three times, talked to another 97 once and hired a researcher to question 55 more. Gloria Vanderbilt, now 55, refused to talk herself. "She said

CONTINUED
67

Photographs by ©Jill Krentz



After profiling Clark Gable for *Woman's Home Companion* in 1954, Barbara did Alan Ladd, Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.



Barbara's office still brims with old Vanderbilt clips. "I'm not interested in Gloria past the age of 10½," she says.



Inspecting film in his office, Perry says he's proud of his reputation as a maverick: "I don't have an office at Universal."



In 1963 Frank (then 250 pounds) and first wife Eleanor won Oscar nominations for *David and Lisa*.

COUPLES

it would be too painful," says Barbara.

While Goldsmith explored the Vanderbilts, Perry was moving gingerly into TV land. After his last feature film, *Rancho Deluxe* in 1976, got medium-cool reviews, he directed the pilot for the NBC series *Skag*, starring Karl Malden, and the 1980 Peabody Award-winning TV movie *Dummy*, with LeVar Burton. Now Perry is returning to films. In September he will direct a feature from his own screenplay based on Irwin Shaw's best-seller *Nightwork*. "It's pop-

corn, a fun *divertissement*," Frank says. "No heavy statements."

The remark characterizes his approach to life these days. "I used to have a ponderousness, emotional and physical," he says. At one point the 5'11" Perry was up to 250 pounds: "I was an actuarial disaster." "Frank used to take up a lot of room at parties," jokes friend George Plimpton. Perry admits: "I liked to eat, drink and smoke a lot. Everything I could do orally, I did. I suppose it was to beat up on myself." He was afflicted with a nagging fatalism. "I had always felt I would die by the time I was 35," he recalls. "Why have a backhand if you're not going to play tomorrow? Why buy a carton of cigarettes if you won't be around to smoke them?" (He bought a pack at a time.)

Enter Barbara. She and Frank (who are both 49) had crossed paths at parties before. In 1971 he was separated from Eleanor; Barbara and C. Gerald Goldsmith, an investment banker, had split too. Hearing that Barbara was available, Frank invited her to dinner. "She was so smart," he says. "She talked about people, books, movies. I was knocked out. From that point on, there was never another woman."

For Barbara, things were less intense. "Frank sort of sneaked up on me," she says. "He seemed so old at first. I remember him bawling me out for refilling my own wine glass in some

CONTINUED

Advertisement

DO PEOPLE THINK YOUR OLDER SISTER LOOKS YOUNGER THAN YOU DO?

That's not an easy question for any woman to face. But it happens. Haven't you mistaken a younger sister for an older sister at least once or twice? Maybe you should take a good, honest look at your skin before someone else does. Do you look older than you really are?

You probably never thought you'd catch up to a woman who was a few years older than yourself. But unfortunately, maybe you have. Many women around the world share your concern, and many who do also share the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that helps them look younger. Here in the United States, that secret is known as Oil of Olay.

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To give yourself a silky facial, try this simple but luxurious beauty hint. Draw a hot bath

and lavish Oil of Olay® beauty lotion onto your face and throat. The steam of the tub opens pores and makes your skin more receptive to the benefits of Oil of Olay. Soak for thirty minutes and then gently pat skin dry with a soft terry towel.

To prevent your neck and throat from becoming slack and tired, use this simple toning method. Soak a cottonball in lemon juice and briskly smooth it on neck and throat using upward, outward strokes, stimulating the circulation until any sallowness is corrected. Follow with a gentle massage of Oil of Olay.



COUPLES

fancy restaurant." With her encouragement, Frank took up tennis and, sipping diet cola and chewing sugarless gum all day, lost 60 pounds in eight months. His mood lightened too. "The demons were exorcised," says Perry. "It wasn't 'Poof! A remake!' It took a lot of hard work. But Barbara gave me a reason to do it. She younged me up."

Perry moved into Goldsmith's 10-room Park Avenue duplex in 1974. They were married two years later. He dotes on Barbara's three children: Andrew, 23, John, 18, and Alice, 20, who, Goldsmith recalls, "was terrible to Frank, mean at first, whiny and sarcastic." She was quickly won over.

Perry's own childhood was not happy. His father, a New Jersey stockbroker, and his mother, a niece of steel magnate Charles Schwab, were divorced when Frank was 13. "My mother was an alcoholic, then an obsessed member of AA," he recalls. "She turned our house into a drying-out center." Frank overate and developed a stutter that still flares up under stress.

At 15 he was parking cars at the Westport County Playhouse in Connecticut and drinking beer with Thornton Wilder, who was acting in his own drama, *Our Town*. Enamored of the theater, he quit the University of

Miami after three and a half years to found a playhouse in the Bahamas. Later Perry became a Broadway stage manager and an associate producer at New York's Theater Guild. In 1959 the Guild produced *Third Best Sport*, co-authored by a Cleveland writer named Eleanor Bayer. She and Frank soon married; Eleanor was 16 years older.

After they divorced, Eleanor wrote a novel, published in 1979 as *Blue Pages*, about a woman filmwriter whose younger husband, a director, leaves her for someone else and then loses a lot of weight. She still insists it's not about her and Frank. He says, "I find it hard to reconcile Eleanor's feminism with my paying her \$26,000 a year alimony." Barbara says, "Everyone in *Blue Pages* betrayed her. She's an injustice collector."

Barbara Lubin was one of two daughters of a Manhattan accounting and real estate executive and a woman who once taught drawing at Barnard College. "My father disapproved of private schools on the grounds that they turned out snobs," she remembers. "I went to public school and contracted lice."

After graduating from Wellesley, Goldsmith became entertainment editor of *Woman's Home Companion* in 1954. A week later she was interviewing Clark Gable. She remembers, "He said

he'd give me one hour. I said: 'Oh no, Mr. Gable, I'll lose my job.' " She spent 10 days with him. That same year Barbara married Goldsmith.

After her children got past the toddler stage, she returned to writing, notably for the *New York Herald Tribune* and *New York* magazine. Her profile of Warhol starlet Viva in *New York* was a reputation-maker. "She told me she felt if you're not with a fellow you like, you're better off masturbating," Barbara recalls. "We printed it and got hundreds of outraged letters." When she became senior editor at *Harper's Bazaar* in 1972, she says, "I tried to get in stories by Tennessee Williams instead of how to care for your feet." In 1975, while researching *The Straw Man*, a novel about the New York art world, she chanced upon legal documents that piqued her interest in the Vanderbilt case.

She is now contemplating a book about women archeologists; Frank has another film in the works—*The Front Runner*, based on a 1974 novel about a gay track coach. They can be each other's severest critic. When they were dating in 1971, Perry showed her a rough cut of his film *Doc*, with Stacy Keach and Faye Dunaway, and asked what she thought. "I think you're in a lot of trouble," Barbara said; the critics later agreed. Frank in turn read *Little Gloria* in manuscript and suggested a number of revisions, some of which she made.

When the couple tries to relax ("Obsessives don't have hobbies," jokes Goldsmith), it is with friends like Roy Lichtenstein, Larry Rivers, Paula Prentiss, Dick Benjamin, Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne. Frank often whips up pasta or chili at their weekend home in East Hampton, that Perrier of Long Island watering holes.

"It's wonderful to see two strong talents who don't have the slightest ego collision," says another friend, author Tom Wolfe. "They are more philosophical than most ambitious people." Not just philosophical—amazingly romantic. "He sends flowers just because it's Monday," sighs Goldsmith. Frank asks, "Why does the lamb love Mary so?" then answers, "Because Mary loves the lamb."

ANDREA CHAMBERS

The Perrys entertain George and Freddy Plimpton and restaurateur Warner LeRoy. "Frank's a dictator in the kitchen," says Barbara. "I need my extras," he retorts.



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It outplays the best-known large-head racket.



players said the Extra was just plain better.

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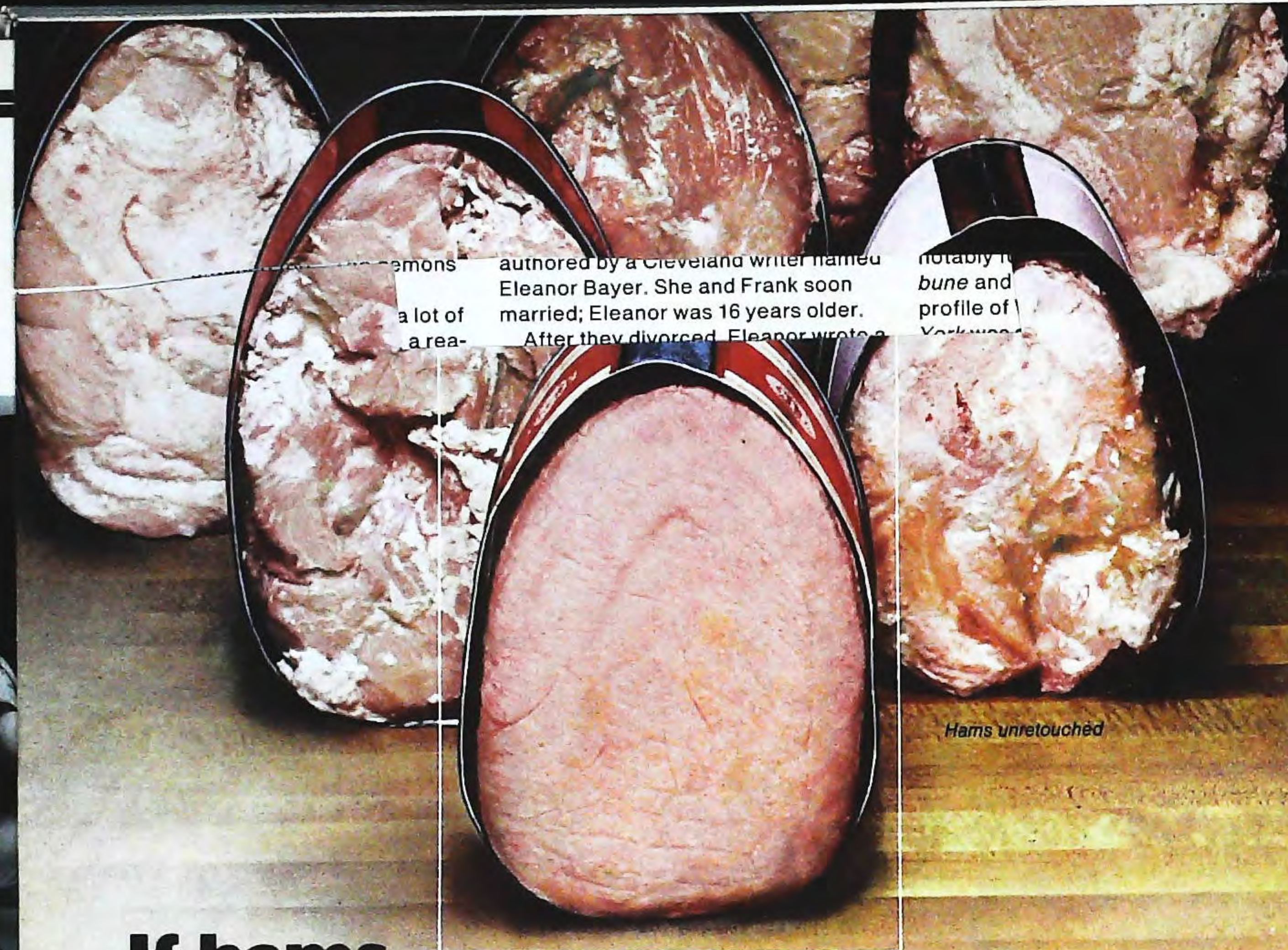
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You'd see how lean Polish Ham is. So free of unwanted fat. And so flavorful! You'd pick the ham that satisfies, *everytime!* Polish Ham—no waste, great taste. No other ham has won so many world-wide honors for quality. In family sizes from 2 to 12 lbs.

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Polish Ham..... 5 servings per lb.
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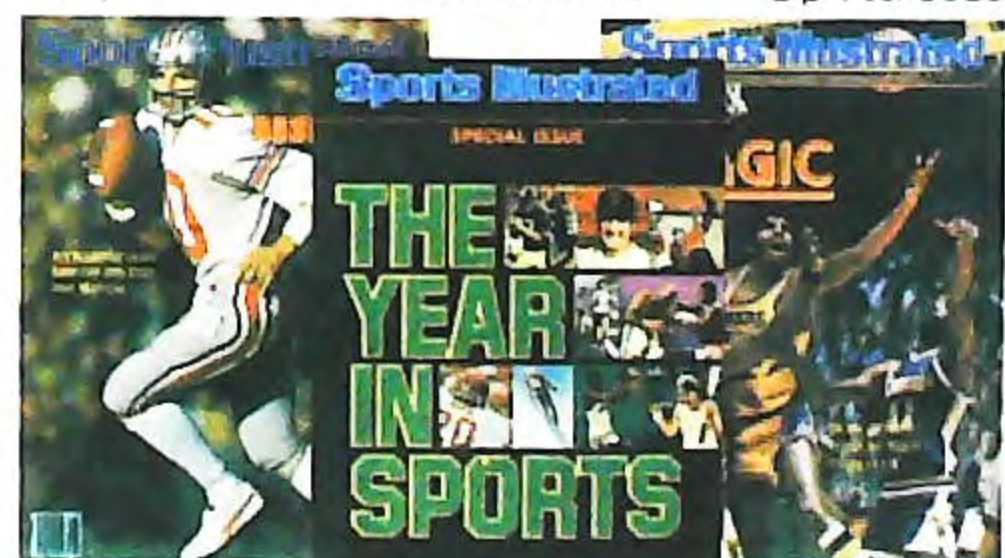
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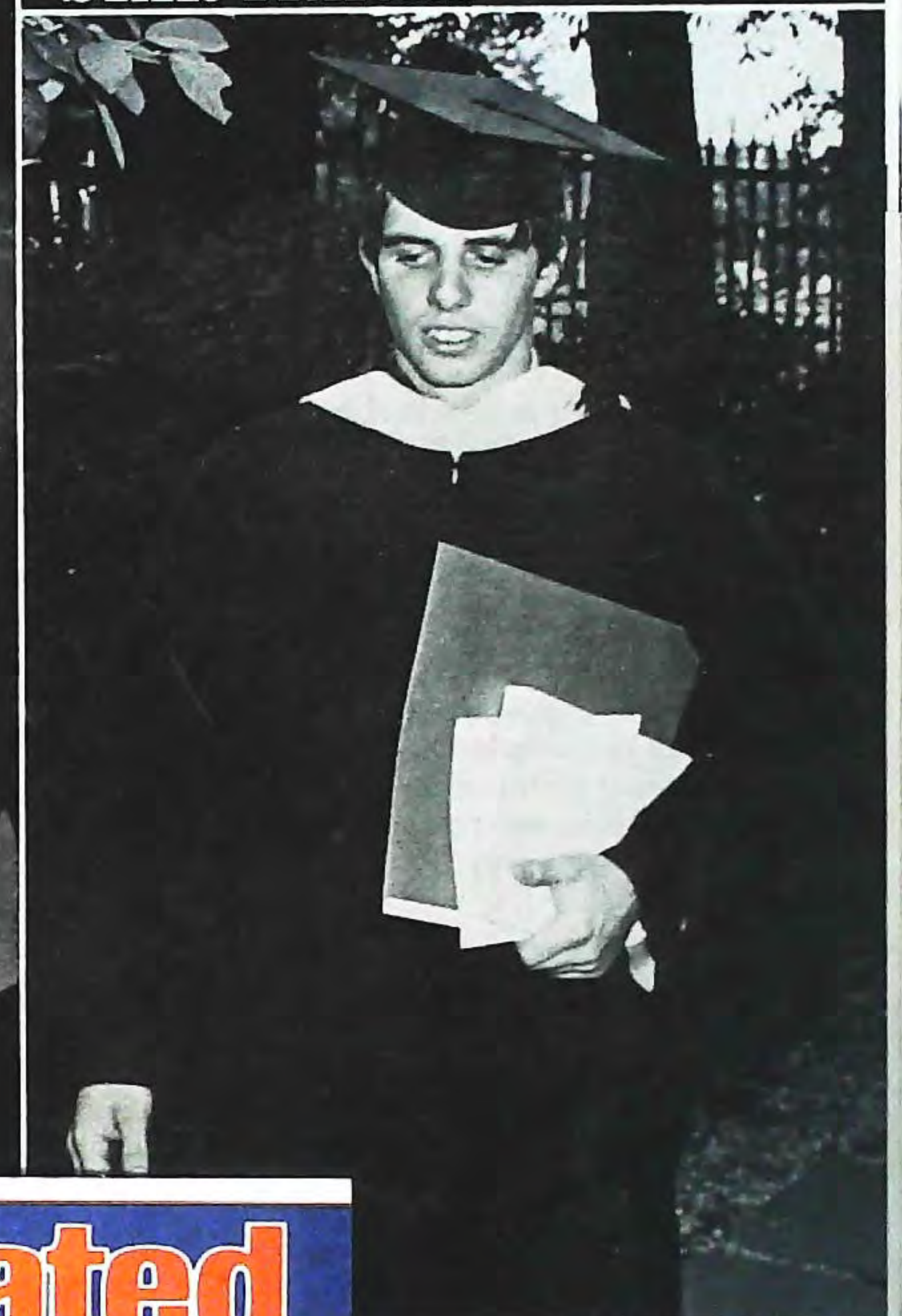


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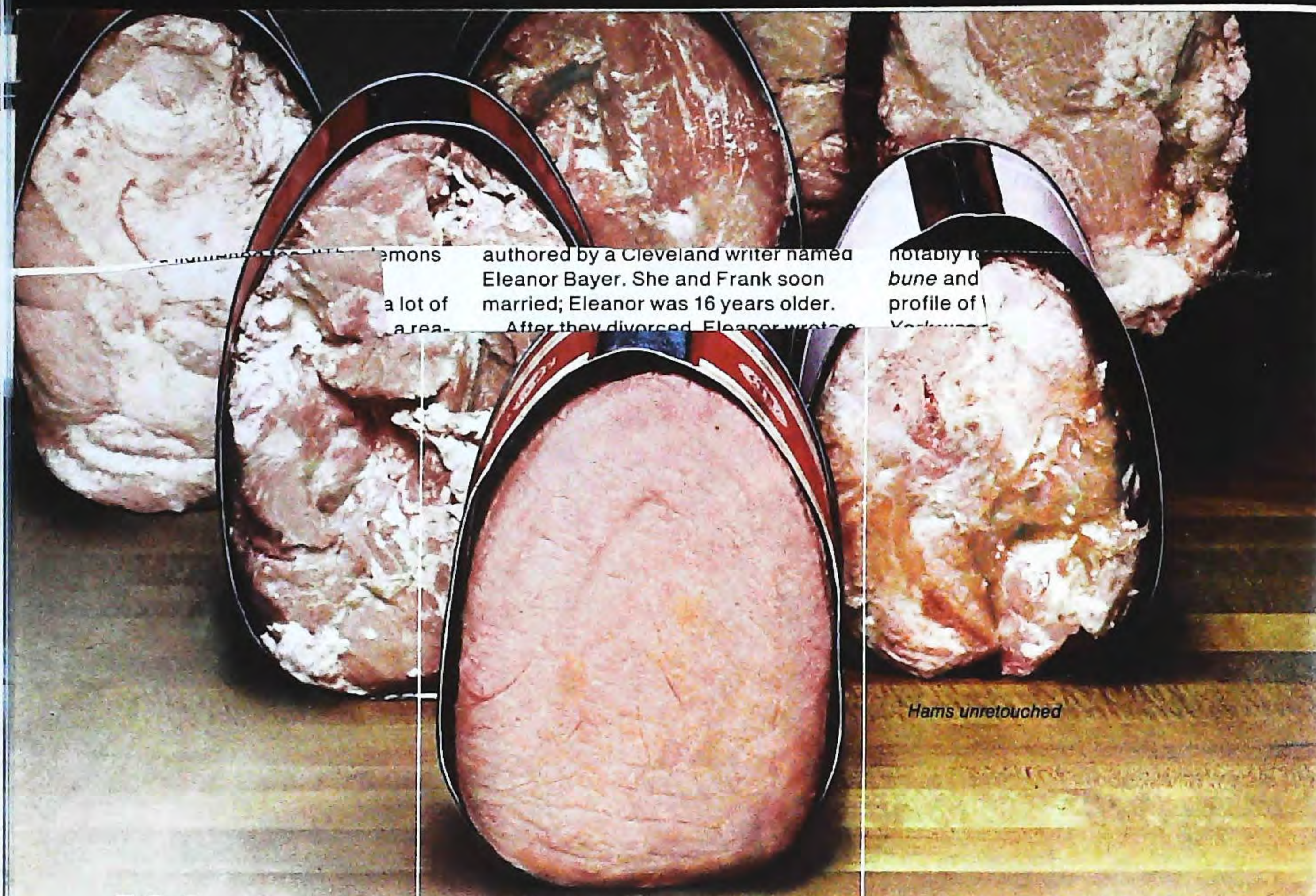
BETTY BURKE GALELLA (2)

new role <

ing Cambodian refugee at February, Liv Ullmann says, hanged." Now convinced that these people should be a / existence," she has been the globe to publicize the ans' plight. "I would rather months for UNICEF than m," she explains. When she rn to the movies, she is ea- ple connected in some the refugees. She has just d a documentary about World tcasts, *Children of the t*. So there was a dual pur- er recent Stockholm visit: to ter Linn, 14, visit with her director Ingmar Bergman, and v new turf on which to

plead her cause.

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emons authored by a Cleveland writer named Eleanor Bayer. She and Frank soon married; Eleanor was 16 years older. After they divorced, Eleanor wrote

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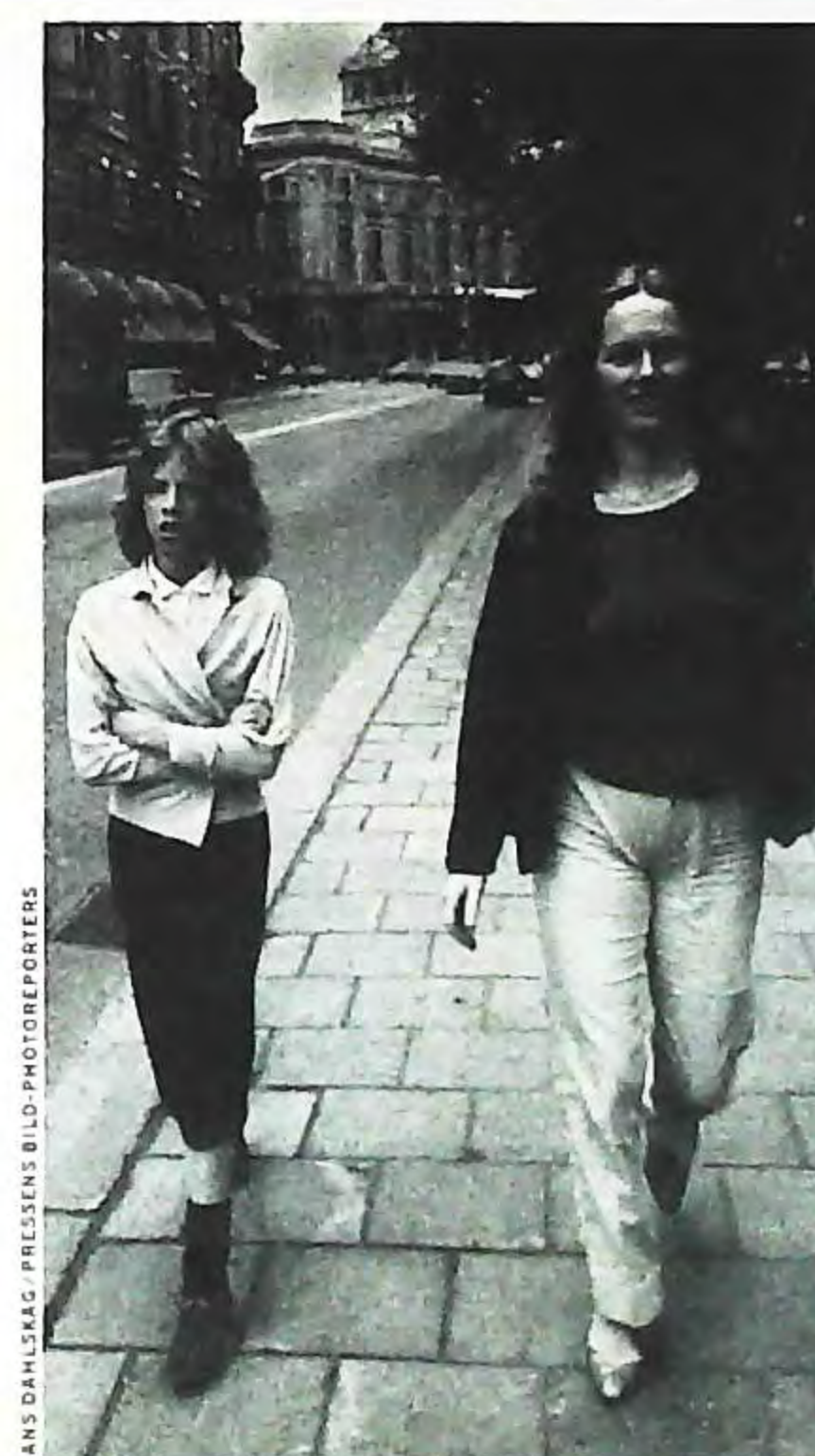
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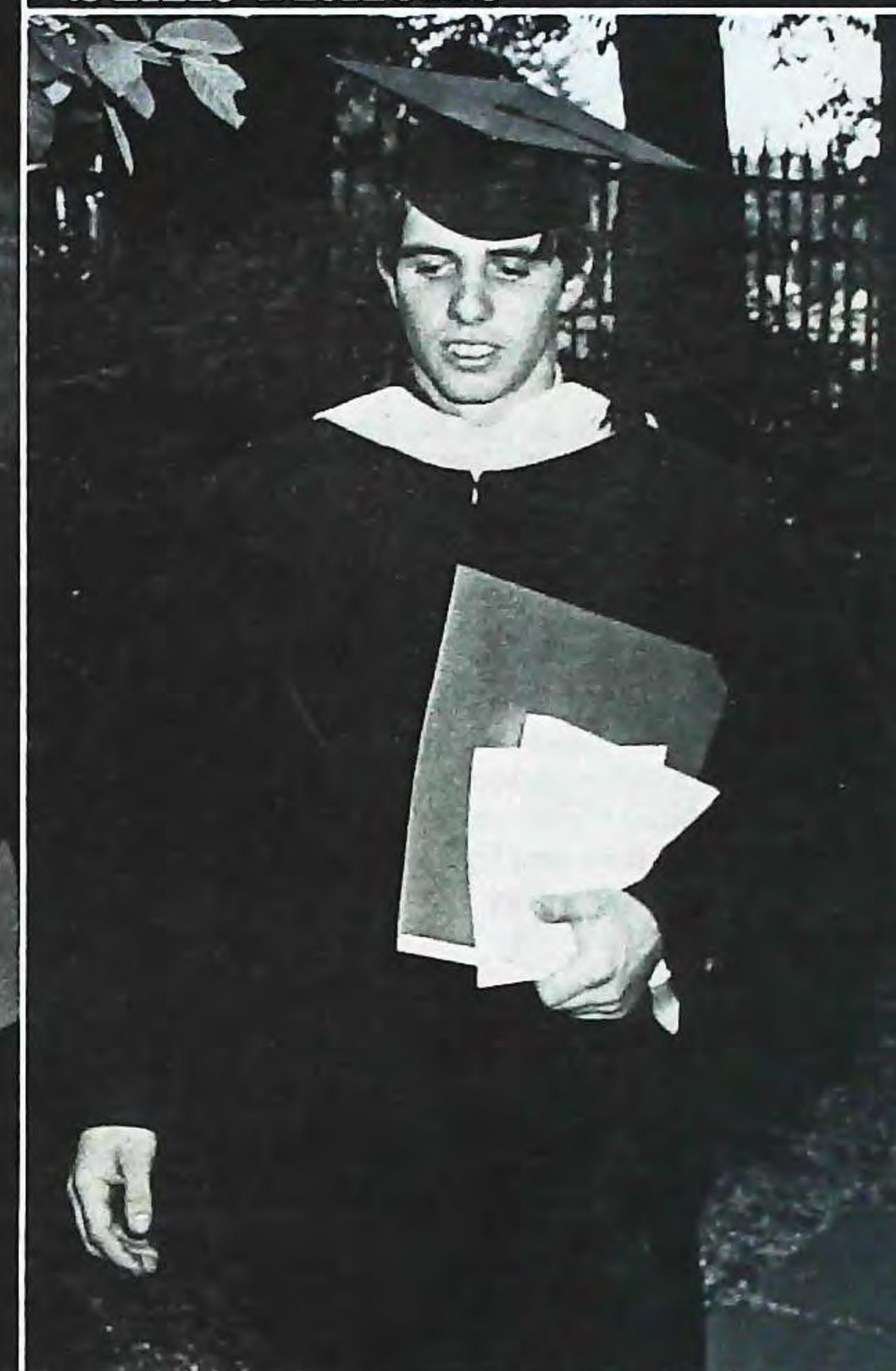
Kennedy school ties^

Can it be that Caroline Kennedy, the onetime White House toddler, is a college graduate? It can. Caroline, 22, along with her 22-year-old cousin Michael Kennedy, RFK's fourth son (and lookalike), were among the 1,487 seniors at Harvard's 329th commencement exercises. Caroline, who got her degree in fine arts, plans to work full-time on Uncle Ted's campaign this summer, as does Michael, a history major. "She is definitely not planning to marry Tom Carney," says family aide Nancy Tuckerman. But Carney, 31, a free-lance magazine writer, attended the graduation, along with Caroline's mother, grandmother, uncle, brother and cousin Kerry. Then Carney squired Caroline to a party at the home of family friend John Kenneth Galbraith.



HANS DAHLSSAG / PRESSENS BILD-FOTOREPORTERS

STAR TRACKS



BETTY BURKE GALELLA (2)

Liv's new role<

After visiting Cambodian refugee camps last February, Liv Ullmann says, "My life changed." Now convinced that "helping these people should be a part of my existence," she has been traveling the globe to publicize the Cambodians' plight. "I would rather work two months for UNICEF than make a film," she explains. When she does return to the movies, she is eager for a role connected in some way with the refugees. She has just completed a documentary about World War II's outcasts, *Children of the Holocaust*. So there was a dual purpose in her recent Stockholm visit: to let daughter Linn, 14, visit with her dad, film director Ingmar Bergman, and to give Liv new turf on which to plead her cause.

CONTINUED

Redford gets the eye >

Robert Redford, in New York to edit *Ordinary People*, his first film as director, tried to pass as one of them. After attending the graduation of son Jamie, 18, from the Dalton School, Redford took his clan, including wife Lola (behind him), daughters Shauna, 19, and Amy, 9, and some of Jamie's pals to dinner at Tavern on the Green. Redford wined (Château Talbot) and dined (on Dover sole) without the intrusion of autograph seekers, but he was ogled by admirers. Clearly, one was Amy.



MTM joins DVD ^

From 1961 to 1966, as Rob and Laura Petrie on the *Dick Van Dyke Show*, Mary Tyler Moore and Van Dyke were the wholesome, all-American couple. Now they are at a new stage in their careers. At 42, MTM just won a special Tony for her bravery in switching from TV to portray a quadriplegic in Broadway's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* Van Dyke, 54, is starring in the current revival of *The Music Man*. After he was rapped by some critics as "too nice" to play the devious Harold Hill, Mary stopped by to show her old helpmeet she approves. So do audiences. The show's a hit.



Barbra-Melissa duo <

Barbra Streisand made a rare appearance at an American Civil Liberties Union benefit in L.A. honoring lyricists Alan and Marilyn (The Way We Were) Bergman. Then, warmed by the ovation that greeted her six songs, Barbra hobnobbed backstage with her new buddy, Melissa Manchester (reportedly tapped for the *Funny Girl* lead if the Streisand classic returns to Broadway). Although Melissa had sung the Bergmans' Oscar-nominated *I'll Never Say Goodbye* in the movie *The Promise*, at the ACLU show she crooned *I Believe in Love*, from Streisand's *A Star Is Born*. "It was easy," Manchester explained. "I just closed my eyes and thought of Barbra doing it in the film."



"A bitter," says Adams, frightened

CLEARED OF LURID CHARGES SHE WAS THE 'DEATH ANGEL' OF VEGAS, NURSE JANI ADAMS GOES BACK TO THE WARD



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SEQUEL



"You bet I'm bitter," says Adams, frightened and humiliated by discredited accusations that she hastened the death of Vincent Fraser (above). She hired celebrity lawyer Melvin Belli to help clear her name, and will pay him out of a trust fund left by her late parents.

When the story broke last March 13, it combined Gothic horror with a sense of modern depravity. According to the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, a nurse at the city's Sunrise Hospital who called herself the Angel of Death had killed at least two patients in the intensive care ward by shutting off their life-support units. More shocking still, the paper reported that the nurse, "like an oddsmaker at a bookmaking establishment," had taken bets from other staff members as to what time certain patients would die.

Stunned by the charges that made lurid headlines across the country, the hospital administrator immediately suspended seven employees under investigation. Three weeks later a Nevada grand jury indicted registered nurse Jani Adams, 32, for allegedly cutting off oxygen to critically ill Vincent Fraser, 52, thereby causing his death. Then, almost as suddenly as the scandal had surfaced, the case against Adams collapsed. District Judge Michael Wendell quashed the indictment for lack of evidence, and the district attorney's office chose not to appeal. Reinstated, and apparently vindicated, Adams returned to work early this month.

Though the case is closed, the re-criminations are only beginning. "For 11 weeks Jani Adams suffered the ag-

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CLEARED OF LURID CHARGES SHE WAS THE 'DEATH ANGEL' OF VEGAS, NURSE JANI ADAMS GOES BACK TO THE WARD

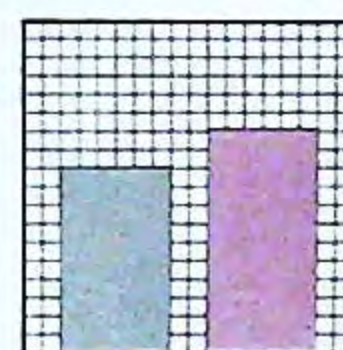


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ony of the damned," complains hospital director David Brandsness. "Scurrilous and unfounded allegations were made in an atmosphere of hysteria and sensationalism." Dr. J. Daniel Wilkes, the hospital pathologist and a trustee, contends that the *Review-Journal* and its aggressive editor, Don Digilio, rushed flimsy charges into print prematurely, then leaned on the district attorney to obtain "a political indictment protecting the newspaper." Both Adams and the hospital are considering filing suit against the paper. "Our investigation shows absolutely no suggestion of wrongdoing on the part of any Sunrise employee," says Dr. Wilkes. "Jani Adams is found not only to be innocent but to be a highly conscientious and competent nurse."

Why then were the bizarre charges brought? Fellow nurses describe Adams as intense and high-strung and say that on duty she is sometimes curt and abrasive. To deal with the stress of attending the dying, she, like many other intensive care nurses, sometimes indulges in gallows humor. At least once, the grand jury was told, she reacted to a patient's death by remarking offhandedly, "Well, I killed another one tonight." Most of the nurses didn't take her seriously. But on the night of patient Fraser's death, nurse Barbara Farro, who usually worked an earlier shift, became upset that Adams and some

CONTINUED

Fellow nurses welcome Jani back offensively after her suspension. "No one fights harder to keep a patient alive," says one.



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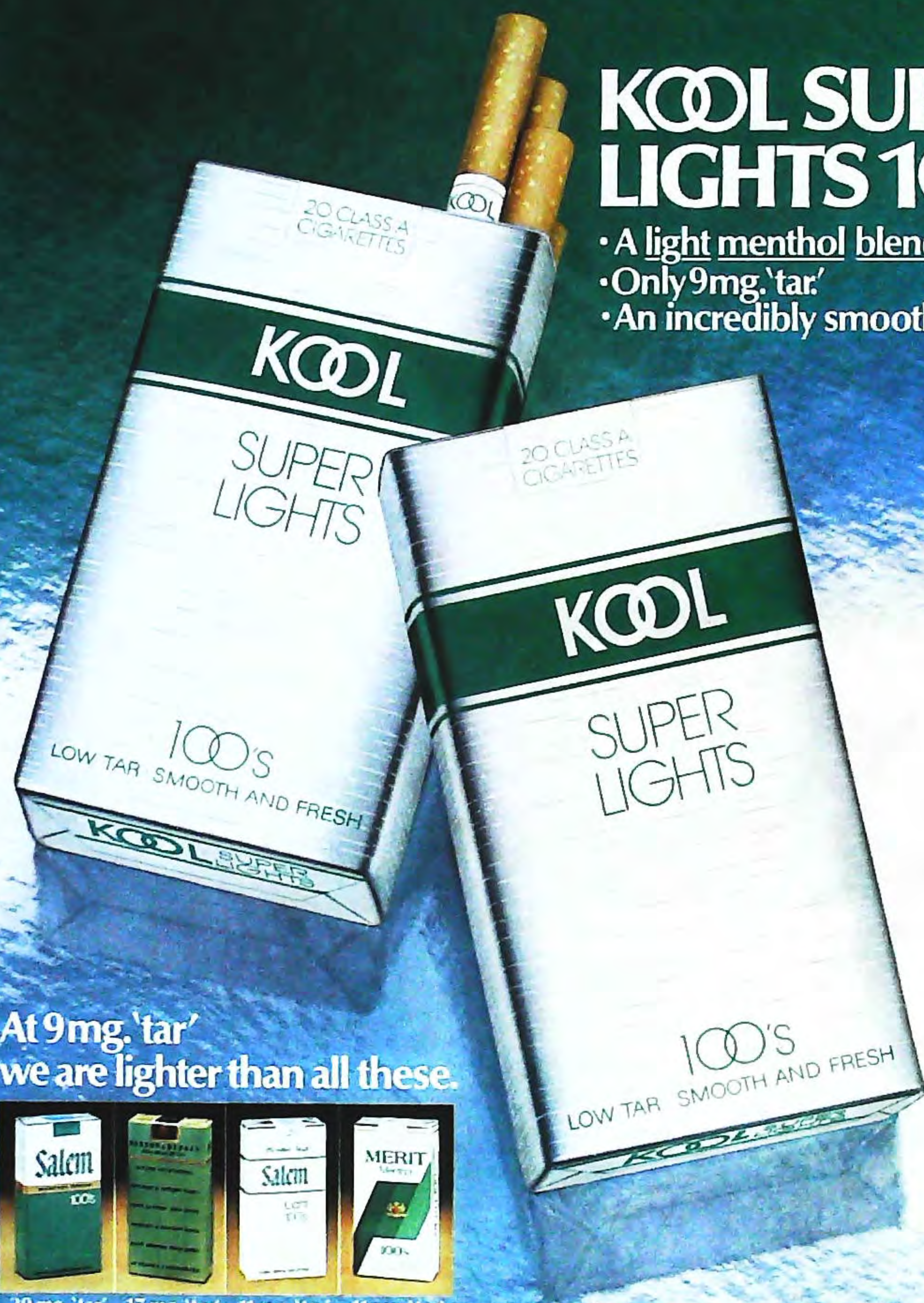
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other nurses were playing cards and seemed indifferent to Fraser's failing life signs. Farro later told the police.

Called in for questioning, Adams was stunned. "I'm a Catholic," she says. "I believe that only God can take a life. We did everything we could to keep Mr. Fraser alive, but he was such a sick man he just died. Then to be charged with murder. I was numb, in a state of shock." A native of Charlotte, N.C., Adams once taught English at Clemson University before turning to nursing in 1974. She and Bernard Deters, 39, a former hospital technician, share a modest Las Vegas home with two dozen prizewinning Persian cats. Deters was appalled by the grilling Adams was subjected to. "The cops' opening line was, 'You can either be a witness or a defendant,'" he claims. "They were saying things to Jani like, 'You can go to the gas chamber.'"

Incredibly, the grand jury that indicted Adams saw only small portions of Vincent Fraser's half-foot-thick medical record. If the jurors had been fully informed, they would have learned that he suffered from a peptic ulcer and chronic cirrhosis of the liver, and that five physicians had agreed his condition was terminal. "To convict for murder, you need a body and a cause

"Deep in my heart, no, I don't think my husband was killed," says Fraser's widow, Bertha. "Let him rest in peace."

Assisted by cabbie Bernard Deters, her housemate, Adams spends off-duty time grooming her prized Persian cats.



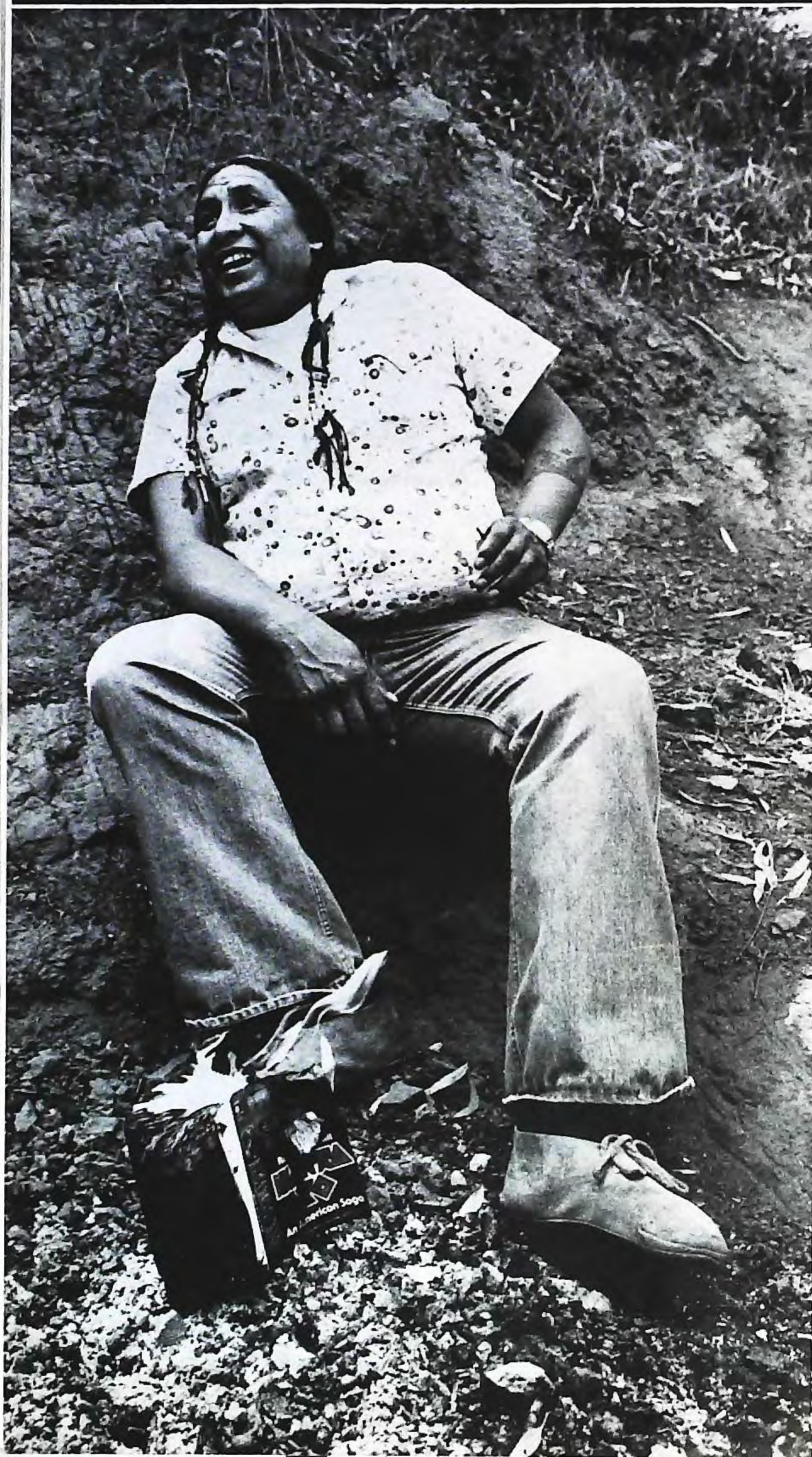
of death," says pathologist Wilkes acridly. "It never occurred to anybody on the DA's staff that the death certificate listed the cause as sepsis—massive infection that led to shock." Assistant DA Ed Kane, who handled the case, admits somewhat lamely that "we knew we had serious problems with the indictment," and says he wish-

es he had sought expert medical opinion before proceeding. Wilkes couldn't agree more. "If police, press and prosecutors make decisions like this, what almost happened in Las Vegas would close down every intensive care unit in the country," he says. "Every day there would be indictments for murder."

DENNIS L. BREO

A GROWING WAR OVER 'HANTA YO' PITS CHIEF LAME DEER & WOJO VS. RUTH BEEBE HILL & DAVID WOLPER

TROUBLE



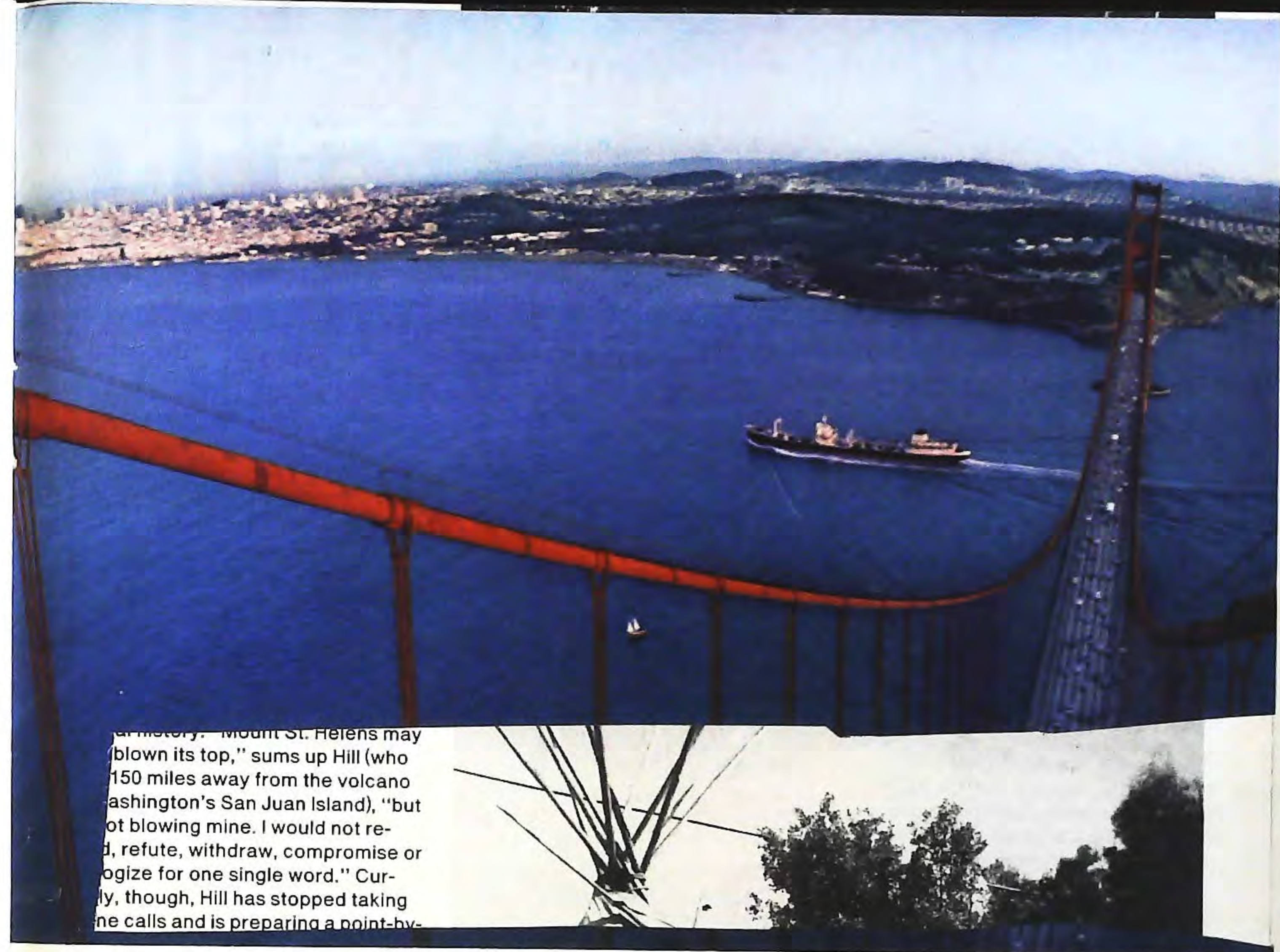
In 1979 David Wolper paid a bundle for rights to Ruth Beebe Hill's best-seller, *Hanta Yo*, and began preparations for what he hoped would be the Indian version of his ABC mini-series *Roots*. What the producer may have bought instead is a domestic *Death of a Princess*.

A \$2 million class-action suit, filed on behalf of the Sioux people, claims that Hill's sweeping novel set at the turn of the 18th century is demeaning to the Plains Indians. The litigation seeks further to block production of any TV show based on *Hanta Yo*. Sioux activists have also tried to force the work out of bookstores and libraries and have picketed the author on the lecture circuit, waving signs like HILL HAS A TONTO COMPLEX. "The book is 90 to 95 percent inaccurate," charges Archie Lane Deer, 45, the chief and spiritual leader of one of the Lakota Sioux tribes. What particularly disturbs Lane Deer is the inclusion of some homosexual scenes and an incident in which a mother gives birth and then eats part of the placenta. A *Hanta Yo* TV series would, he says, "set us back 10 years, and encourage the false idea that we are savages." Among those helping the Sioux argue their case is Max Gall, a non-Indian who has become a latter-day Marlon Brando while starring as the cop Wojo in ABC's *Barney Miller*.

Writer Hill, 66, a descendant of the Plymouth Colony and an ex-journalist, says she is baffled by the attacks on the "documented novel" she devoted 30 years to researching. "I was in touch with 700 Indians—Sioux, Kiowa, Omaha, Cheyenne, even Navajo, you name it—and I showed many what I had written." Most of the material, Hill insists, was verified by four sources. Indeed, some scholars have defended the

CONTINUED

Chief Archie Lane Deer, a leader of the Sioux protest against *Hanta Yo*, burned a copy of the book near his Santa Barbara base and declared: "Our children must not live with these lies."



armistice. Mount St. Helens may have blown its top," sums up Hill (who lives 150 miles away from the volcano on Washington's San Juan Island), "but it's not blowing mine. I would not retreat, refute, withdraw, compromise or apologize for one single word." Currently, though, Hill has stopped taking phone calls and is preparing a point-by-

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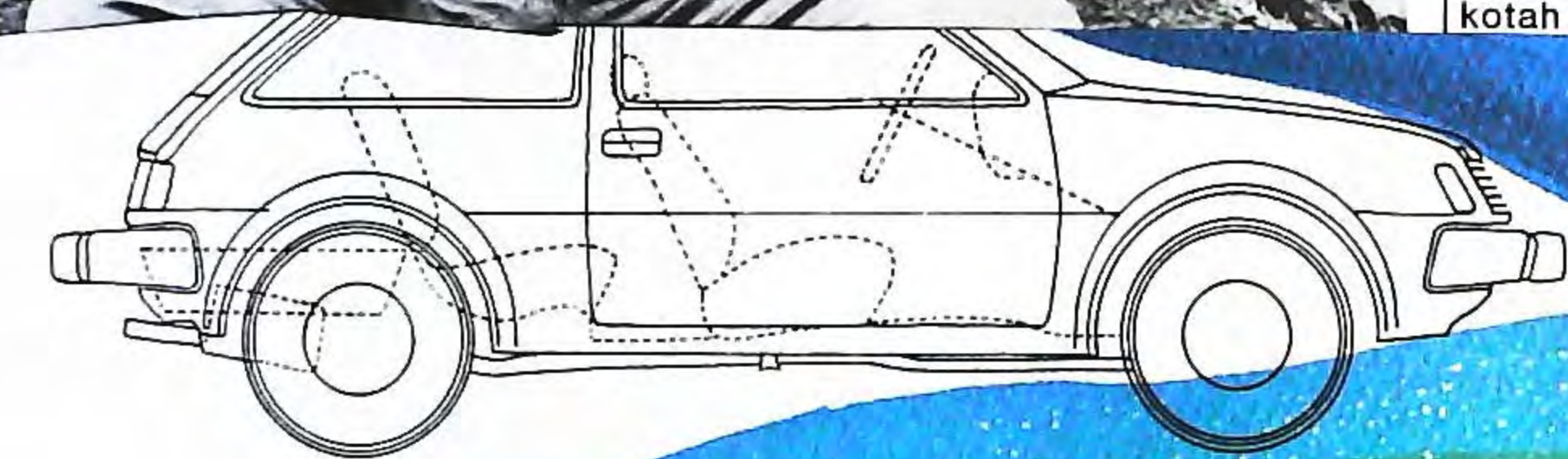
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activists have worked out of bookstores and libraries and have picketed the author on the lecture circuit, waving signs like HILL HAS A TONTO COMPLEX. "The book is 90 to 95 percent inaccurate," charges Archie Lane Deer, 45, the chief and spiritual leader of one of the Lakotah Sioux tribes. What particularly



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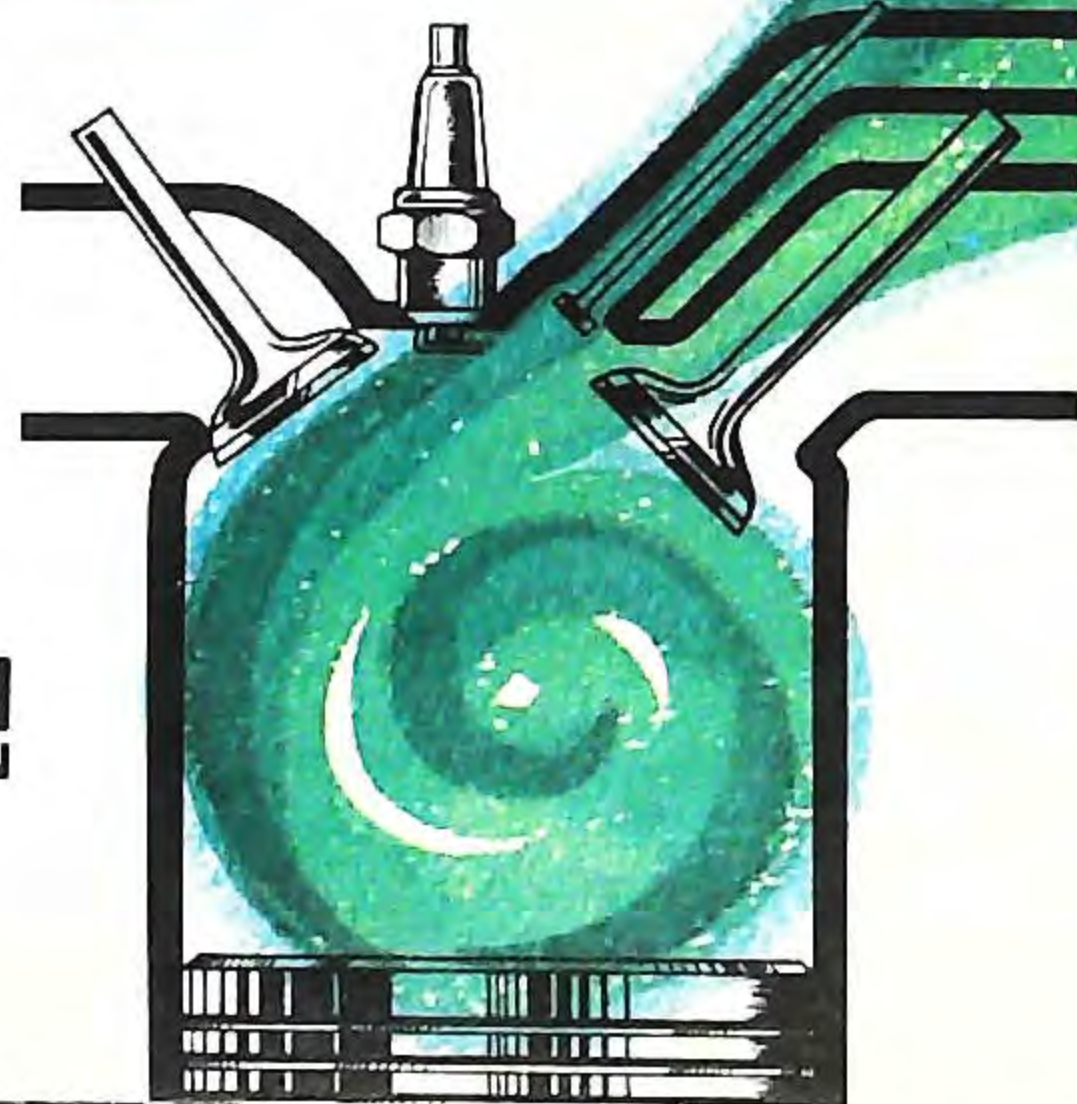
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At her home in Washington State, author Hill retorted that her work was "a classic" — a statement her Sioux collaborator, Chunksa Yuha, and her biochemist husband, Buzzy, strongly endorsed.

TROUBLE

book, including Barbara Adams, an Oglala Sioux who teaches Indian studies at Skagit Valley College in Mount Vernon, Wash. And, of course, a Dakotah Sioux, Chunksa Yuha, 74, moved in with Hill and her husband in their home in Washington State and worked with her on the book the final 15 years.

Now Hill's Sioux critics charge that Chunksa is a fraud, an Episcopal deacon's son named Lorenzo Blacksmith who has lived most of his life off the reservation in places like Seattle and the San Fernando Valley. Hill acknowledges the Blacksmith name but contends it was imposed on her collaborator's father by the Bureau of Indian Affairs and that Chunksa spent all of his formative years being steeped in tribal history. "Mount St. Helens may have blown its top," sums up Hill (who lives 150 miles away from the volcano on Washington's San Juan Island), "but I'm not blowing mine. I would not rescind, refute, withdraw, compromise or apologize for one single word." Currently, though, Hill has stopped taking phone calls and is preparing a point-by-point rebuttal of the Sioux accusations.

Meanwhile, to placate the opposition, David Wolper has proposed to hire numerous Sioux consultants, crew members and actors for the miniseries. Other sweeteners were also held out, including the possibility of filming on tribal land for a fat location fee. Most important, the producer would submit all scripts for the approval of the Lakotah Sioux Treaty Council. Yet Lane Deer remains convinced that "we're getting the runaround from Wolper," and is still opposed to the project. "If he does this TV movie, he'll have the whole Indian nation against him," the chief vows. Wolper, far from giving up, has appealed to the Sioux and the world in a metaphor more common to the Plains than to Burbank. "A bush may have many thorns and yet produce a beautiful flower," says the producer. "The television show is the flower that will emerge from the book."

DAVID SHEFF and JACK FINCHER

TV actor Max Gail met on his Malibu spread with Lane Deer and warned of "huge problems" for any TV adaptation of *Hanta Yo*.



ADVENTURE



Leaping from her master's boat, Cooley plunges to the bottom (right), seeking another sand dollar. She can go 30 feet deep, propelling herself downward in tight spirals with her churning paws.

On command, Cooley, a black Labrador, hurls herself into the Gulf of Mexico and vanishes into the depths. Aboard the ketch *Gamboleer*, anchored in 30 feet of water off Destin, Fla., all is silence, save for the wind in the luffing sails. Suddenly a black muzzle breaks the surface. Cooley, clutching in her jaws a sand dollar she has fetched from the bottom, paddles over and clambers aboard. "She's a real scavenger of the deep," says her proud owner, red-bearded Randy Gibson, 32. "She's not afraid of anything."

As the only diving dog in the Florida panhandle, the 3-year-old Cooley has become a partner in Gibson's \$100,000 business in jewelry and novelties—many of them crafted from her undersea haul.

From March to October, when sand dollars are most available, Cooley brings up some 30 a day. Once dried, the pie-shaped shells are either gold-plated or hand-painted with Florida landscapes by Gibson's parents, then put on sale in area restaurants for up to \$15 apiece. Gibson's competition collects sand dollars by the costlier method of dragging shrimp nets.

A retriever by breed, Cooley used to fetch Frisbees that her owner threw overboard. Then Gibson filled one with sand and let it sink to the bottom. To his surprise, Cooley went after it. She quickly learned to hold her breath going down and exhale as she rose. Even when Gibson buried a Frisbee on

COOLEY, THE UNSINKABLE LABRADOR, SPENDS HER SUMMERS DIVING FOR DOLLARS



the gulf's bottom, Cooley dug it up and brought it back. "After that," says Gibson, "sand dollars were a cinch—they're brown and only partly covered with white sand."

Not even maternity has quenched Cooley's enthusiasm. After whelping a litter of eight pure-bred pups early this spring, she is diving again, her muzzle and paws stained from the iodine-saturated sand dollars. She has never been bothered by sharks, and Gibson is careful not to take her into more southerly waters, where she might be tempted to bite down on spiny sea urchins. (Cooley did return once with a rusty fishing rod.)

Gibson has come closer to disaster than his dog. Twice, while trying to swim ashore at night during beer parties, he faltered and the loyal Labrador came to his rescue. "The shore looked much closer than it was," Gibson explains. "When I got short of breath, I had to grab her collar. She pulled me right along."

The dog's diving act has so impressed officials of the Gulfarium in Fort Walton Beach that they have inquired about using her in exhibitions with their dolphins. "She'd take right to it," says Gibson. "We may just strike a

deal." As her agent, he's considering \$50 to \$100 for three shows a day. Meanwhile, Gibson, Cooley, a sedentary Irish setter named Radar and a parrot called Little Bit continue plying the gulf aboard *Gamboleer*.

Once a prelaw student at Florida State, Gibson dropped out in 1970 to pursue life as a craftsman. He spent two years converting brass-fitted hatch covers into coffee tables, then bought and salvaged the 37-foot *Gamboleer* after the boat had been half destroyed in a hurricane. He purchased and restored an abandoned hotel five miles east of Destin, and lives just north of town in the oldest house on Okaloosa Island. He keeps his unorthodox collection of vintage automobiles there—six 1948 Plymouth Deluxe sedans.

Tourists think Gibson looks like a pirate, and he does not discourage the notion. It's good for his handcrafted jewelry business (appropriately named *Salty Dog*), and it allows him to indulge one of his fantasies. As a boy growing up in Pensacola, he often heard tales of Billy Bowlegs—who preyed on English and Spanish ships off the panhandle in the 18th century—and of Redbeard, the Barbary buccaneer. "Redbeard, that's the one I look like," says Gibson. "But Redbeard never had a diving dog. To me, she's worth more than all the doubloons of the Spanish fleet."

JANE SANDERSON



Welcomed aboard by Gibson and his girl, Arlene Callahan (above), Cooley looks over Randy's hand-painted haul (right).

Photographs by Tom Williamson



SCREEN



At the *Urban Cowboy* hoedown premiere in Houston, John watched anxiously with Paramount boss Barry Diller and his friend, designer Diane von Furstenburg.

At a sweltering Houston movie premiere, it was high noon for John Travolta. After his monster success in *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*, he had slipped into disappointment and depression. Critics had viciously panned his last film, *Moment by Moment* with Lily Tomlin, and sniffed when he abruptly dropped out of *American Gigolo* after his mother's death. Now in *Urban Cowboy*, a saga of oil workers who trade their hard hats for Stetsons at night to test their macho, he had to prove that he was not, after all, too small for his britches. Was he, as hype had it and a whole industry hoped, the next king of Hollywood?

To prepare for this crucial (and his first real adult) role, the rigorously serious Travolta, 26, hung out at Gilley's, the brawling, sprawling Houston honky-tonk that is the setting for much of the movie. He visited the homes of habitués of the club (which is co-owned by C&W star Mickey Gilley), spent days studying local accents on tape (his mom had been a voice and drama teacher) and learned to ride a replica of Gilley's 800-pound mechanical bucking bull, which John installed in the corral of his Santa Barbara ranch. It all paid off. In a powerful dramatic performance, Travolta ingratiatingly cap-

tures the shyness, bravado, pain and compassion of his blue-collar character. Says his director, James Bridges (whose last credit was *China Syndrome*, no less): "Travolta can do anything. He's our only major star, and he's just growing into his talent."

Travolta is maturing in other ways as well. After bravely suffering the termi-

nal cancer of his lover, actress Diana Hyland, 41, in 1977, and that of his mother in late 1978, Travolta has displayed a new depth of understanding, not only of mortality but also of the magnitude of his stardom and the potholes of life in the fast lane. "For four years John was on a skyrocket," explains his manager, Bob LeMond, who discovered Travolta

EVEN COWBOYS GET THE BLUES: MATURED BY TRAGEDY, JOHN TRAVOLTA RIDES TO PROMISING NEW HEIGHTS



"Flying is the main thing I do outside my work," says Travolta, though he is not yet certified to pilot his new Jet Commander.

performing at 16 in a New Jersey dinner theater. "He had no time to deal with the deaths, to adjust to his change in financial status or to accept the criticism of *Moment*. He was physically exhausted." Yet despite a vulnerability that seems to mist out of his Pacific blue eyes, Travolta emerged from it with new strength and insight. His con-

tinuing practice of Scientology helped, he says, and so did his own basic values. "There is a goodness and humanity that comes through," says director Tom Moore, whose show *Grease* launched the careers of Barry Bostwick, Jeff Conaway and Richard Gere, along with Travolta. "Of all the people who have become famous out of

CONTINUED

Photograph by Mark Sennet/Camera 5

SCREEN

Grease," Moore believes, "John has changed the least."

Certainly his new super-sophisticated world has not cost Travolta his boyish enthusiasm. "Coming from L.A. to Houston with Johnny on his jet, seeing him so dressed up and handsome in an expensive cowboy suit, I thought he looked like a 4-year-old oil man, like the richest 4-year-old in the world," laughs his eldest sister, Ellen, 40. Like Marilyn Monroe, whose comic sense let her seem sexy without being vulgar, Travolta also has a puppyish need to be loved. Yet, insists manager LeMond, "He has a great advantage over the stars of the past—he's not neurotic and he's not self-destructive." Travolta has a realistic acceptance of the fact that the greater his following, the less his freedom. "Sure, there are things I can't do now and places I would like to go that I can't," he says. "But I like everything that's happened to me. I wouldn't give up my stardom just to get to go to Disneyland."

In some ways, Travolta's celebrity has demanded a tougher adjustment for those dear to him than for the star himself. Always close to his five brothers and sisters (all of whom are actors), he realized that his very presence at two of their recent weddings stole the show from the bride and groom. "My brother Joey got married, and it was like I got married," John recalls. "It's not fair to me or to him."

Travolta is ambivalent about the whole institution. "I think I was more ready to get married at 14 than I am now," he says. "But those feelings are coming back. Now that I've accomplished what I have, it's time to perhaps share it with someone, and the main purpose of a marriage is kids."

Travolta almost wed his Englewood, N.J. high school sweetheart, Denise Wurms, when he was 19. (Her brother, Jerry Wurms, is still John's oldest friend and the head of production of his film company.) John often has dated his movie leading ladies, including—"a few times"—both Olivia Newton-John of *Grease* and Debra Winger of *Cowboy*. But Diana Hyland remains the woman with whom John felt "the most committed emotionally." (He still keeps



At brother Joey's wedding to Wendy Shawn last month (above), John tried unsuccessfully to stay in the background.



"I've watched Johnny grow up a lot in the last two years," says his sister Ellen. "Now he's prepared for anything."

in touch with her son Zachary, now 7.) Travolta's longest relationship has been with *Taxi*'s Marilu Henner, 28, whom he met when they both toured in *Grease*. "Marilu and I have always been friends. We've been able either to sleep with each other or not, depending on what is going on. Most of the time when we're hanging out we are, but there have been times when we've been involved with other people," he reports. "We're people who will get back together between other relation-



Travolta's newest chum is fellow dancing man James Cagney, who visited John's house with his wife, Billie, last March.

ships." At the moment Marilu is dating actor Frederic (The Rose) Forrest, but that doesn't mean John is necessarily lonely. "I like sex too much not to share it," he says with a grin. He does not worry much about possible revelations to the tabloids. "I only sleep with people I know and trust," he explains.

His other main passion is airplanes. "Johnny was into planes from the time he was a 5-year-old, and my acting career symbolized travel to him," recalls his sister Ellen, who saved her flight ticket holders for him. A licensed pilot of prop craft for six years, John just bought a remodeled 10-seat Jet Commander and is training to fly it. Although studios and their quaking

CONTINUED

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Our front-wheel-drive 4-speed Plymouth Champ and Dodge Colt have a gasoline estimated mpg rating nobody can beat. 37 estimated miles per gallon. Use this EPA number for comparison only. Your actual mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Estimates differ in California where the 4-speed is not available. Compare Plymouth Champ and Dodge Colt and you'll know why...

*Comparing each manufacturer's highest gasoline mileage model

The New Chrysler Corporation is in the driver's seat with front-wheel-drive.

SCREEN

insurance companies would prefer him to hire a pilot, John says simply, "I like flying too much not to do it." His friends, too, had initial doubts. "The first time I got into an airplane with Johnny, I thought, 'This sweet gorgeous baby—what am I doing here?'" recalls actress Ellen March, another close pal since *Grease* days. "But then he switched on a new personality, very efficient and businesslike. He is very serious when he flies."

When his *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease* proceeds began to cascade in, John decided to go for his other big childhood fantasy: a home with a pri-

vate landing strip. "But what happened is I found a place that was so beautiful that it upstaged the idea of having a runway on the property," he explains. Now he flies to a local Santa Barbara airport and drives (a Jaguar, Thunderbird or Mercedes) to his spectacular 17-acre ranch in the hills outside town. One section of the five-bedroom house is one of the oldest dwellings in California. "It was built in 1800 by a Spanish nobleman," Travolta claims proudly. "It would be a museum if I were not living in it." (Because of a rash of break-ins, the place is now protected by a 24-hour security force.) There are two guest-houses on the property, and John likes to invite friends up for the weekend.

"I'm more social up there than I ever dreamed of being in L.A.," he says. His recent guests have ranged from Tom Hayden to Muhammad Ali to James Cagney. "Cagney has always been an idol of mine," says John. "He was supposed to stay two days, but stayed almost four. And he said to me, which really touched me, that it was four of the nicest days of his life."

Friends can play tennis, watch movies in the screening room or swim in Travolta's pool. They could play with the dogs until an English setter bit John on the upper lip, covering his face with blood and terrifying the guests. It took 10 stitches to close the wound, and now the dogs are gone. Travolta swims and takes dance lessons to keep his six-foot frame at 165 pounds and recently subjected himself to a five-day "juice fast" (mainly apple and grape) to shed some unwanted weight.

John also has a pied-à-terre in Studio City. (His former tire-dealer father and four siblings have wound up in L.A.) As for his next movie vehicle, Travolta denies the rumors about a collaboration with Jane Fonda or doing the adaptation of *A Chorus Line*. He is committed to an ABC variety special—which he agreed to in exchange for a reduction in his appearances in *Welcome Back, Kotter* during its farewell season.

Although Travolta professes interest in returning to Broadway (he was last seen in 1974 with the Andrews Sisters in *Over Here!*), he is wary. "Suddenly it's very hard for me to do just any play or any movie," he explains. "*Moment by Moment* proved that. I thought I was going to get away with doing a little art film that wouldn't cost very much, that no one would pay much attention to," he continues. "Then I slowly realized, 'God, if I get this much focus on a film, I couldn't get away with doing a play somewhere.' It's taken the fun out of being able to get up and do anything you want." But asked if he's satisfied with the rewards of his high-dollar, high-pressure lifestyle, Travolta gives an answer that applies to more than just his house and jet. "I think I've pretty much gotten what I wanted," he says softly. "Now it's a matter of upkeep." ARTHUR LUBOW

John and *Taxi*'s Marilu Henner have had what he calls "an on-and-off romance" for eight years. This month it's off.



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**IF BALD ISN'T BEAUTIFUL,
THE ANSWER IS A PLUG,
NOT A RUG, SAYS
TRANSPLANT
PIONEER NORMAN
ORENTREICH**

BODY



Mike Klauber, 24, a New York Realtor, says, "At 21 [above], I started losing my hair. I was very unhappy." After trying lotions, pills and massages, he consulted Dr. Orentreich (left). "It was incredibly bloody," says Klauber after three of four sessions (below). "It's already changed my social life."



genetic roulette," he explains, in which baldness in the mother's family is slightly more influential than in the father's. Balding also affects men differently. "When some see it happening, they shave their heads and go with it. Others see it as evidence of aging." Bald men do not have greater sexual vitality, as generally believed, the doctor says. "Some women are turned on by baldness and others by hair. It just depends."

Born in New York City, Orentreich, now 58, graduated from New York University Medical School. During his residency there a professor asked him

CONTINUED

Castration is one remedy for baldness," Dr. Norman Orentreich points out, explaining that dihydrotestosterone (DHT), a male hormone, combined with a genetic predisposition, causes hair loss. But, the dermatologist admits, "It is hardly practical." Instead, he suggests hair transplants, an operation he pioneered in 1952. Of patients done that long ago, he says, "The hair is

still growing." So is his practice. "After all, 33 percent of men are partly bald at age 30, 50 percent at 50 and 66 percent at 60," says Orentreich, who has trained more than 700 doctors from all over the world in his technique.

"With baldness, you never totally lose the hair," he says. "The follicles or hair canals are there, but they become minute." Why? "It's a game of

Photographs by Dick Frank

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to lecture on hair and nails "because I had such a full head of hair," he laughs. He continued with dermatology and surgery and in 1953 established the first "hair clinic." (The Orentreich Medical Group in Manhattan now has three doctors and 17 nurses.) "In those days hair loss was thought to be connected with poor blood supply," he recalls. "Doctors believed it came from tight hatbands." The first test group for his cosmetic transplant was 50 fellow physicians; since then he has treated more than 10,000 heads (but discreetly will give no names).

A transplant requires three or four sessions over three months; each session is done in the office under local anesthetic. Using an instrument Orentreich calls "my cookie cutter," he removes a disk or "plug," a sixth of an inch in diameter, from the bald scalp. He replaces it with one containing six to 12 hairs (and healthy follicles) from the fringe above the neck. Filling the hole in back is not necessary "because it shrinks, and nature heals it beautifully." Orentreich transplants 60 plugs in two hours at \$15 per plug. The average bald scalp requires 240 plugs; the procedure, including follow-up, costs about \$4,000. "In a week the scalp heals enough for a shampoo," the doctor explains. "The hair in the transplanted plug falls out, and in two months new hair growth begins."

Orentreich cautions that the procedure doesn't work for all men, because "fringe hair sometimes isn't capable of transplanting." He also is leery about transplant clinics that do 200 to 300 plugs in one sitting. ("They are mostly run by nonphysicians and only have young doctors moonlighting. Their work is often ineffective, because when a large number of grafts are done, they may not take.") Orentreich says he stresses the creation of "a natural-looking hairline to fit the age of the man" and hair plugs that "grow in the right direction."

Hair weaving, in which side hairs are woven together with a hairpiece, "is passé and dangerous," he says. "It pulls the other hair out." He is also opposed to therapy involving the female hormone estrogen; doses that are large enough to impede hair loss can feminize a man. He uses another hormone, progesterone, which is present in males and females, but applies it only locally. It reduces the rate of hair loss by decreasing the male

When the crop gets thin, celebs cover up



Jack Nicholson, 43, is in good transplant company. Other rethatched celebs include Elton John, Roy Clark, Joey Bishop and both the Smothers Brothers.



Frank Sinatra, 64, began losing his hair early on and by 1966 was quite sparse on top. Dr. Samuel Ayres III, a Beverly Hills dermatologist, began his transplants that year.



Sen. Strom Thurmond, 77, had a transplant in 1973. He felt it was worth the money because, he says, "It helps your appearance. It is just like going out and buying a new suit."



Hugh Downs, 59, host of ABC's *20/20*, went to the Orentreich clinic for his transplant in 1966. The hair is still growing. "I'm very satisfied," he says. "I've had no regrets."

DHT hormone formation in the skin.

Baldness, of course, is not limited to men. Many women experience it, says Dr. Orentreich, but usually later in life. He often treats women with drugs to "stop them from overproducing male hormones, which will then stop hair loss." He advises balding women not to eat certain foods with hormones in them: peanut oil, wheat germ oil, brewer's yeast and vitamin E. "Food can be a drug and upset the delicate endocrine balance of the body," Orentreich says.

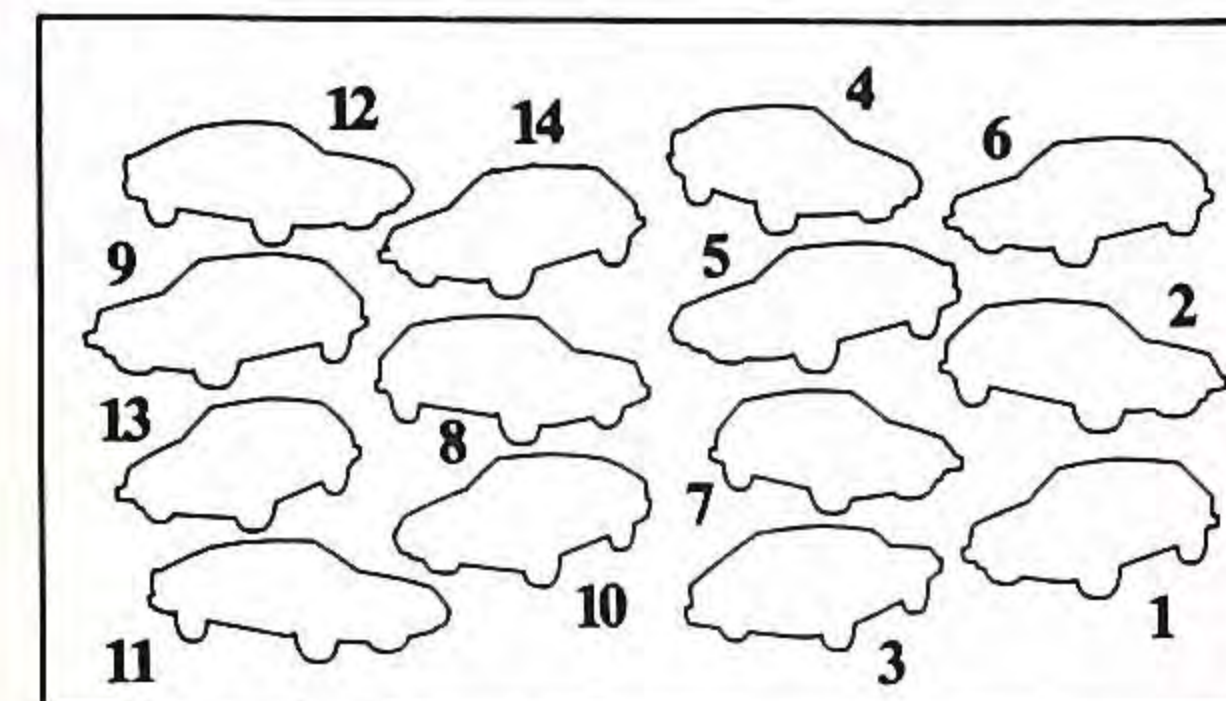
For men with thinning hair, he recommends they shampoo frequently to

remove scalp oils that contain male hormones; brush only to groom, because the 100-strokes-a-day routine breaks the hair; see a dermatologist for local antihormone medication; and, as a final recourse, get a transplant.

Orentreich has no objection to a good toupee, but quality is important. "It should not be designed in a way that makes a 40-year-old man have a 20-year-old hairline," he says. "And remember, purchasing and maintaining a natural hairpiece—not Dacron—for five years is equal in cost to a full hair transplant procedure."

MARTHA SMILGIS

The New Chrysler Corporation Front-Wheel-Drive Buyer's Guide.



1. Dodge Omni. \$5526*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Overhead cam 1.7 liter 4-cyl. engine. 4-speed manual transmission. Vinyl bucket seats. Electronic ignition. Radial tires. Front disc brakes. Rack-and-pinion steering. Iso-Strut front suspension. Independent rear suspension. Trip odometer. AM radio. Electric clock. Rear window defroster. Map light. Tinted glass. Bodyside molding. Luggage compartment light. Rear hatchback. Fold-down back seat.

2. Dodge Omni Custom. \$5716*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Omni standard features plus Custom vinyl bucket seats. Woodtone instrument panel. Glove box lock. Knit cloth covered headlining. Cigar lighter. Trim moldings on upper door frame, drip rail, wheel lip and sill.

3. Dodge 024. \$5681*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Overhead cam 1.7 liter 4-cyl. engine. 4-speed manual transmission. Electronic ignition. Radial tires. Front disc brakes. Rack-and-pinion steering. Iso-Strut front suspension. Independent rear suspension. Trip odometer. AM/FM radio. Electric clock. Rear window defroster. Map light. Tinted glass. Front door arm rests. Rear hatchback. Fold-down back seat.

4. Dodge 024 Sport Appearance. \$6112*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 024 standard features plus windshield wiper arm, belt moldings, taillamp accents painted black. Rear air spoiler. Black dual remote control mirrors. P175/75R13 WSW steel belted radials. Rallye road wheels. Sport steering wheel. Rallye Instrument Cluster with tachometer, clock and trip odometer.

5. Dodge 024 DeTomaso. \$7271*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 024 standard features plus front and rear air spoilers. Quarter window louvers. Rallye Instrument Cluster with tachometer. Four cast aluminum road wheels. Wheel flares. Sport suspension. Performance 3.5:1 final drive ratio. P185/70R13 BSW tires. Brushed metal roof band. Leather-wrapped sport steering wheel. Blackout lower body and trim treatment. Black dual remote control mirrors. "DeTomaso" graphics.

6. Dodge Colt. \$4430*

(37) EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 1.4 liter 4-cyl. MCA-JET engine. 4 speed manual transmission. Rack-and-pinion steering. Power front disc brakes. Styled road wheels. Reclining bucket seats. Tinted glass. Fuel lid lock. Flip-open quarter windows. Rear window defroster. Folding rear seat.

**Use EPA est. mpg numbers for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than highway estimates. Colt and Champ estimates with 4-speed manual transmission (not available in California). California estimates differ.
*Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. †No charge option.

7. Dodge Colt Custom. \$4792*

(33) EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Colt standard features plus 1.6 liter 4 cyl. MCA-JET engine. Floor console. Twin-stick transmission. Sport steering wheel. Cloth and vinyl interior. Remote liftgate opener. Custom tape stripes. 155SR-13 WSW steel-belted radial tires. Rear security shelf.

8. Plymouth Horizon. \$5526*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Two-barrel, four-cyl. 1.7 liter OHC engine. Four-speed manual transmission. Vinyl bucket seats. Iso-Strut front suspension. Independent rear suspension. Rack-and-pinion steering. Electronic ignition system. Self-adjusting front disc brakes. Fold-down rear seat. 3rd-door hatchback. Electric rear window defroster. Radial tires. AM radio. Front door arm rests. Tinted glass.

9. Plymouth Horizon Custom. \$5716*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Horizon standard features plus woodtone instrument panel. Vinyl bucket seats. Knit cloth headliner. Cigarette lighter. Drip rail molding. Wheel lip molding. Sill moldings. Upper door frame moldings. Glove box lock.

10. Plymouth TC3. \$5681*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Two-barrel, 4-cyl. 1.7 liter OHC engine. Iso-Strut front suspension. Independent rear suspension. Rack-and-pinion steering. Self-adjusting front disc brakes. Fold-down rear seat. 3rd-door hatchback. AM/FM radio. Tinted glass. Rear window defroster. Radial tires. Front door arm rests. Electronic ignition.

11. Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance. \$6112*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: TC3 standard features plus windshield wiper arm, belt moldings, taillamp accents painted black. Rear air spoiler. Black dual remote control mirrors. P175/75R13 WSW steel belted radials. Rallye road wheels. Sport steering wheel. Rallye Instrument Cluster with tachometer, clock and trip odometer.

12. Plymouth TC3 Turismo. \$6905*

(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features: TC3 standard features plus power steering. Dual horns. Dual remote control mirrors. Day/night inside mirror. Premium interior package. Halogen headlamps. AM/FM stereo radio. Rallye Instrument Cluster. Power front disc brakes. Four cast aluminum road wheels. P185/70R13 radial tires. Rear deck spoiler. Black finish front, rear and side trim.

13. Plymouth Champ. \$4430*

(37) EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

Standard features: 1.4 liter 4-cyl. MCA-JET engine. Four speed manual transmission. Rack-and-pinion steering. Power disc brakes. Reclining bucket seats. Tinted glass. Styled road wheels. Trip odometer. Rear window defroster.

14. Plymouth Champ Custom. \$4792*

(33) EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

Standard features: Champ standard features plus 1.6 liter 4-cyl. MCA-JET engine. Twin-stick transmission. Floor console. Sport steering wheel. Chrome bumpers. Color accent side stripes. Assist grips. Cloth-and-vinyl upholstery trim. Remote liftgate release. Steel-belted radials.

Available options:

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Plymouth TC3 Turismo



Plymouth Champ Custom



Plymouth Horizon Custom



Plymouth Champ



Plymouth Horizon



Plymouth TC3



Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance



Dodge 024 Sport Appearance



Dodge 024 DeTomaso



Dodge Colt



Dodge Omni Custom



Dodge Colt Custom



Dodge Omni



Dodge 024

See next page for front-wheel-drive buyer's guide details.

Only The New Chrysler Corporation has a satisfaction guarantee. Toyota, Datsun and Honda don't.*

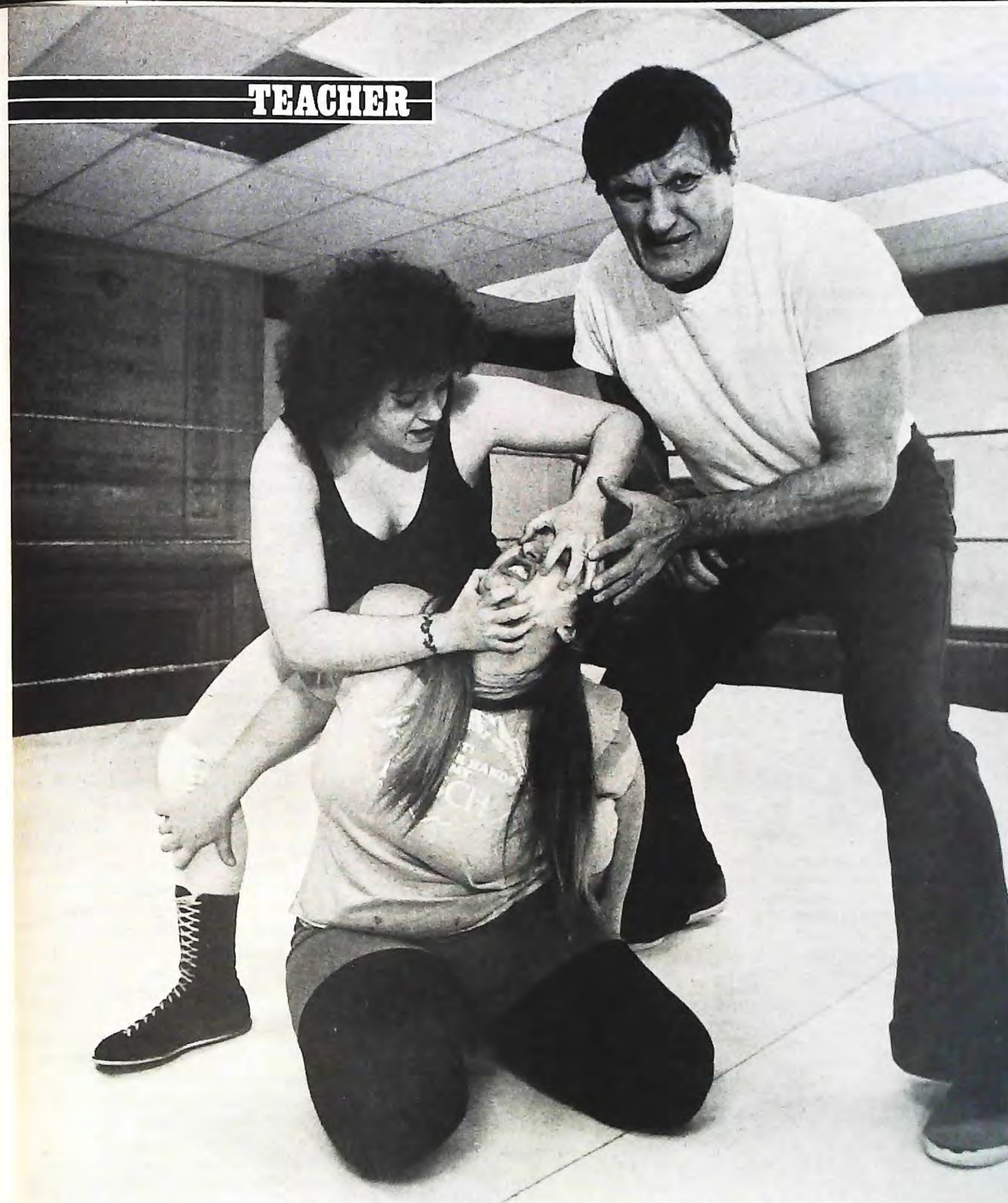
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*Bring it back in good condition. When your dealer receives clear title, you'll get your money back, excluding finance and insurance charges. Refund value of trade-in may differ from trade-in allowance on retail sales contract. Ask a participating dealer for details.

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the driver's seat with front-wheel-drive.**

TEACHER



Kowalski officiates as Vicious Venetia Rude performs an impromptu dental examination on student Betty Jo South.

KILLER KOWALSKI, THE WRESTLER THE CROWD LOVED TO HATE, IS RUNNING A SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS

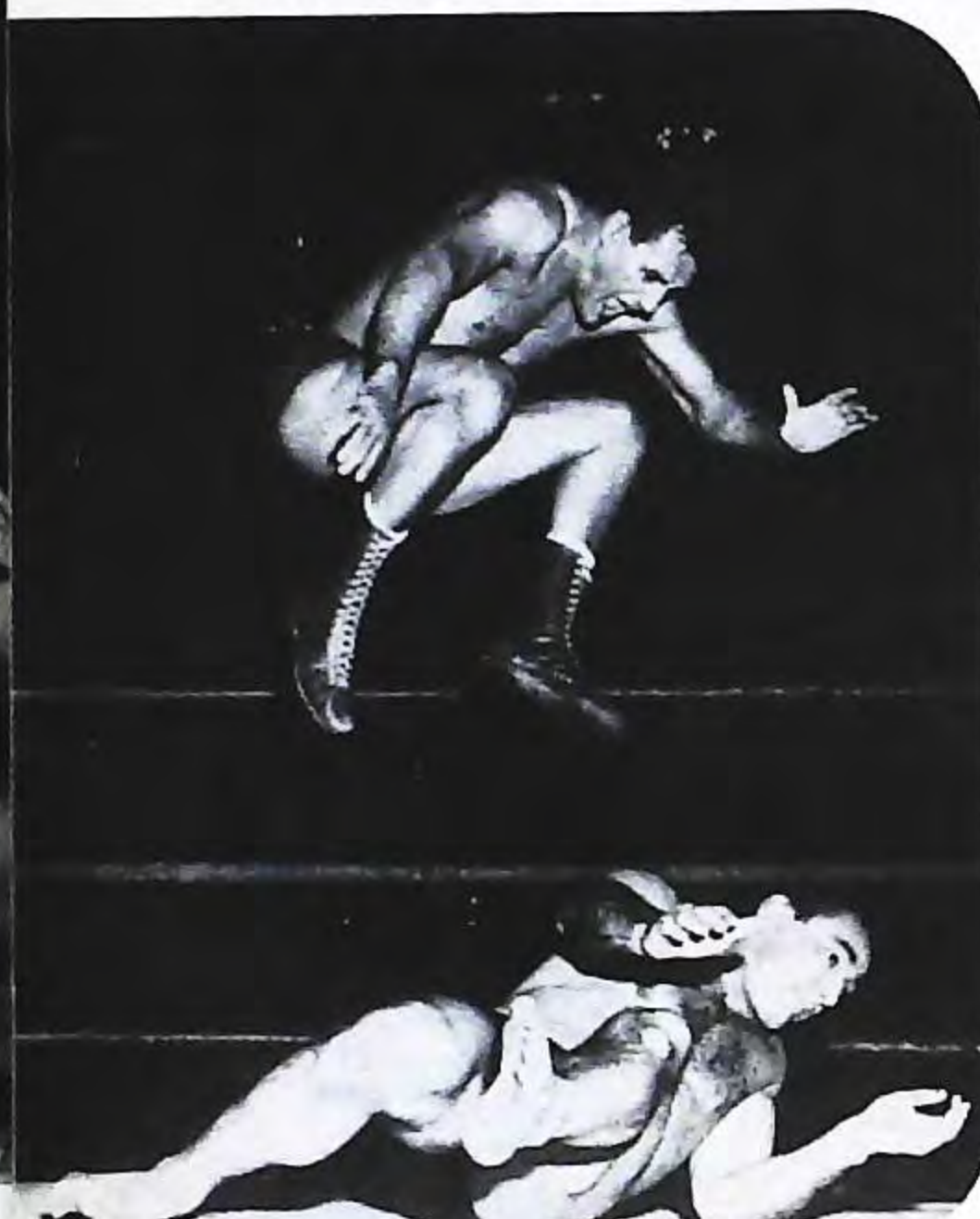
Few students mess with the master at the Killer Kowalski Institute for Professional Wrestlers. That's understandable. He's got 30 years of experience and 280 pounds of menacing gristle. But occasionally a brash pupil needs a lesson, and Kowalski slips into the ring to show, not tell. Within seconds his

Photographs by Doug Bruce/Camera 5

CONTINUED
101

TEACHER

At the height of his villainy, an airborne Kowalski prepared to touch down on his rival Antonino Rocca.



Kowalski (weighing the relative merits of a turnip and a butternut squash) turned vegetarian early in his career, and took the needling of meat-eating opponents.



challenger finds himself slammed against the ropes, seized by a wrist and a leg on the rebound and spun about on Kowalski's broad shoulders. "There always comes a point when the student thinks he's better than the teacher," says the onetime World Wide Wrestling Federation superstar. "I show 'em who's boss."

Those moments aside, Kowalski, 49, rarely lives up to his fearsome professional nickname. A longtime vegetarian, he lives sedately in Reading, Mass., speaks to youth groups whenever he can, and presides over his school for grapplers in the drafty YMCA in nearby Salem. Yet even now hardly anyone calls him by his given name, Walter—not since a night in Montreal 28 years ago. Kowalski was wrestling Yukon Eric and had his adversary tangled in the ropes. Suddenly he leaped in the air, and as he came down sliced off Eric's cauliflower ear with his shinbone. Shocked, the bloodied Eric began shrieking "My ear! My ear!" while the furious crowd bellowed "Killer!"

From that moment on Kowalski was cast as a villain, dressing in purple and courting the wrath of the fans. A looming 6'7" target, he was more than once forced to defend himself from angry spectators outside the ring. "But," he says, "I really try to avoid confrontations. It isn't so hard. I don't go to bars, and my size keeps most guys from trying anything. As long as they leave me alone and don't touch me, I can walk away. But if some-

one lays a hand on me, I go mad."

The son of Polish immigrants, Kowalski was an all-around schoolboy athlete. Like his father, he labored in an auto plant near the family home in Windsor, Ont. After hours he worked out in a YMCA, where a gym instructor taught him some holds. A few local bouts later, an out-of-town promoter made him an offer. When Kowalski couldn't get time off for a match in St. Louis, he quit the assembly line and turned pro. It was the era of Gorgeous George and Nature Boy Buddy Rogers. Kowalski beat both of them and countless others, but not without paying for it physically. To this day he cannot tilt his head back or fully extend his arms without wincing. Still, he will not see a doctor or visit a hospital. "Once I had a bad cut over my left eye," he remembers, "and someone talked me into going to an emergency room. I had to wait and wait, even though I was bleeding all over the place. Finally the doctor came in. He asked me for my autograph. I walked out, put an herb medicine on the cut, and eventually the infection disappeared. No stitches. Nothing."

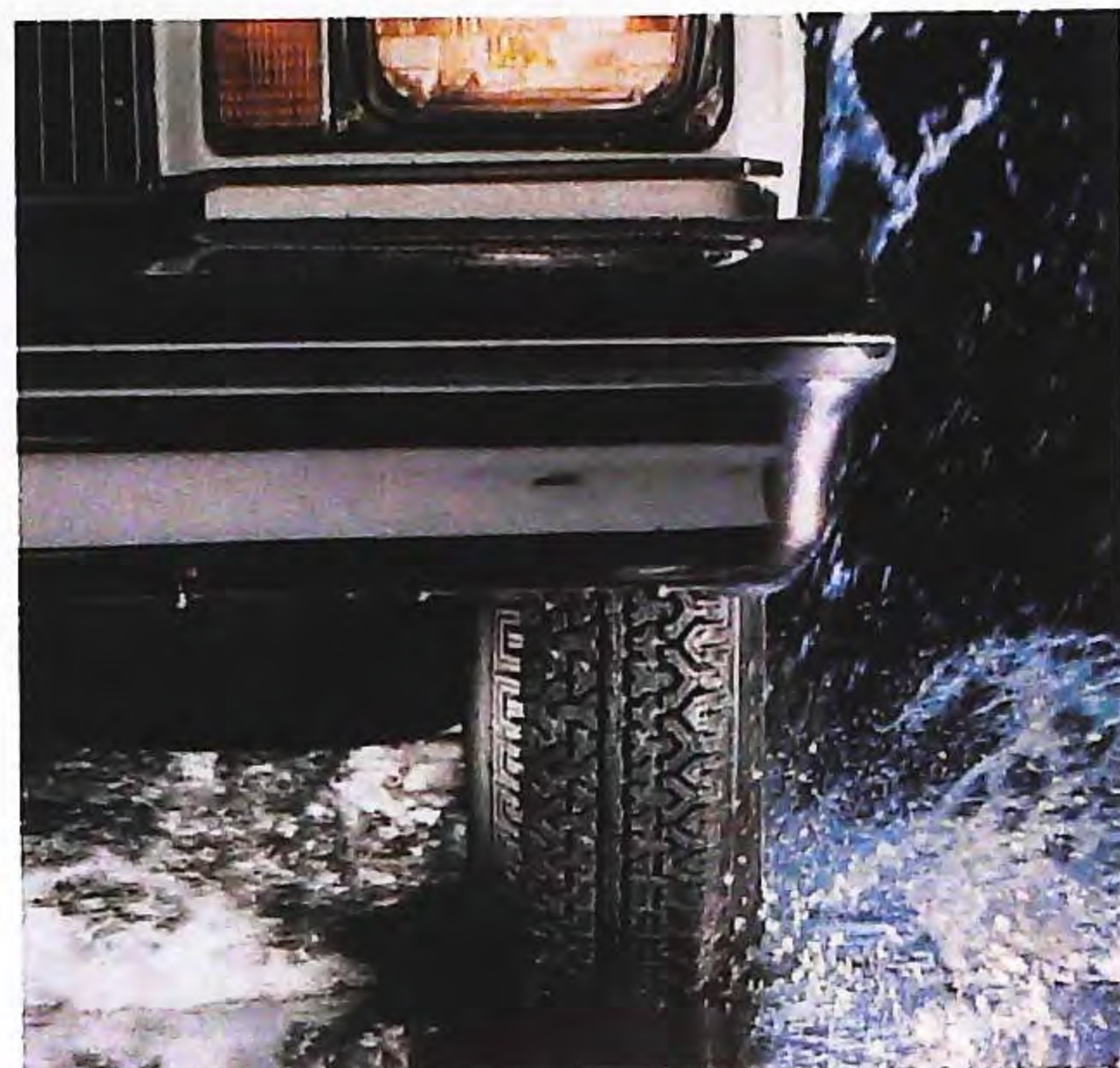
Retired from the ring since 1977, Kowalski concedes that most wrestling on TV is entertainment rather than sport, but claims that matches on the professional wrestling circuit are "for real." That's where people get hurt." Though his students are keen on practicing scowls, he drills them instead in ring safety and self-defense, demonstrating a repertoire of 75 holds, while offering counseling in nutrition and body building. Four two-hour sessions a week for a month cost \$300, and an extended course of four months or more, \$1,000. Since he began teaching classes a year and a half ago, Kowalski boasts that 12 of the 14 pupils he has "graduated" are performing as pros. They appear in preliminary matches on the circuit.

One of them is a chunky waitress named Venetia Guerrasio, who is molding herself in the Killer's image. "It's been an advantage to work out with guys," she maintains. "They're taller, bulkier. It makes me feel special." And, oh yes, her ring name is Vicious Venetia Rude. "Yeah, a villain," she said with a grin. "I respect them more."

KAY CASSILL



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ON THE MOVE



Bernie wrote songs with Elton (above, in 1975) for 13 years but calls rumors they were lovers "ridiculous." At home in L.A. (right), Taupin keeps 15 guns and a sheepdog named Vodka "to remind me of my old curse."

I was at the top of a volcano. I was either going to be the lava that dribbles down the side, or the phoenix arising from the top. I won't say I came out totally full-feathered, but I fluttered back." The lead-winged metaphor came not from a geologist contemplating Mount St. Helens but from another kind of rock authority. For 13 years Bernie Taupin had been Elton John's lyricist and thus one-half of Britain's most celebrated songwriting team since Lennon & McCartney. But after sharing in the glory with Captain Fantastic (Bernie toured with Elton and was occasionally dragged onstage)—not to mention the profits from an incredible 100 million sales—Taupin went into an emotional tailspin.

"We'd filled the biggest stadiums and sold the most records," he explains. "Once we started acquiring palatial mansions, the meaning went out of rock'n'roll." Hits came so easily that he and Elton dashed off one whole album in 10 days and, says Bernie, "There was nothing to do the rest of the year. I was bored and depressed." After two straight LPs entered the *Billboard* charts at No. 1 (a feat unequaled), Taupin began to wonder, "Where do we go from here?" So when their 1977 *Blue Moves* LP hit the charts "only" at No. 3, "We thought we were finished," he reports. Bernie was 27. That proved to be his last complete LP with Elton. Meanwhile Taupin's other partnership, a five-year marriage to Maxine Fiebelman, had also broken up. "I had no straws left to grab onto," he remembers. "So I turned to the bottle."

His bender lasted two months before a shaken Taupin "mellowed out and

ROCK'S BERNIE TAUPIN SINGS HIS OWN LYRICS NOW BUT HE HASN'T WRITTEN ELTON A DEAR JOHN



Photographs by ©Steve Schapiro/Sygma

CONTINUED



Taupin said no to Boz Scaggs and Peter Frampton to work with former Buckingham's lead singer Dennis Tufano (above).

Bernie solved his own alcohol problem before helping rocker Alice Cooper (with wife Sheryl in 1978) write about his.



FRANK EDWARDS/PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL

ON THE MOVE

dried out" in Acapulco. He also swore off music: "I figured that rock'n'roll had destroyed me." Instead, he tried acting, appearing on ABC's *Hardy Boys*, of all things. Then Alice Cooper, who had just gotten over his own drinking problem, convinced Bernie to help write another album—*From the Inside*—about alcoholism. In the process, Bernie discovered, "I'd always been part of someone else. But there were ideas I wanted to do all by myself." The result, released in April, is his first record doubling as a performer, *He Who Rides the Tiger*. "Nobody is more surprised than Elton," chuckles Bernie. "With him, I was afraid to say, 'It should sound like this,' because that was his job. But this time music that had been in me came out."

It may even turn out that John needs Taupin's lyrics more than the other way around. While Bernie was working on *Tiger*, Elton's career floundered. Hence, a year ago, Elton asked him to write the lyrics to eight new songs, three of which are on his upcoming LP 21 at 33. "I'll write songs for Elton as long as he breathes and wants me," pledges Bernie.

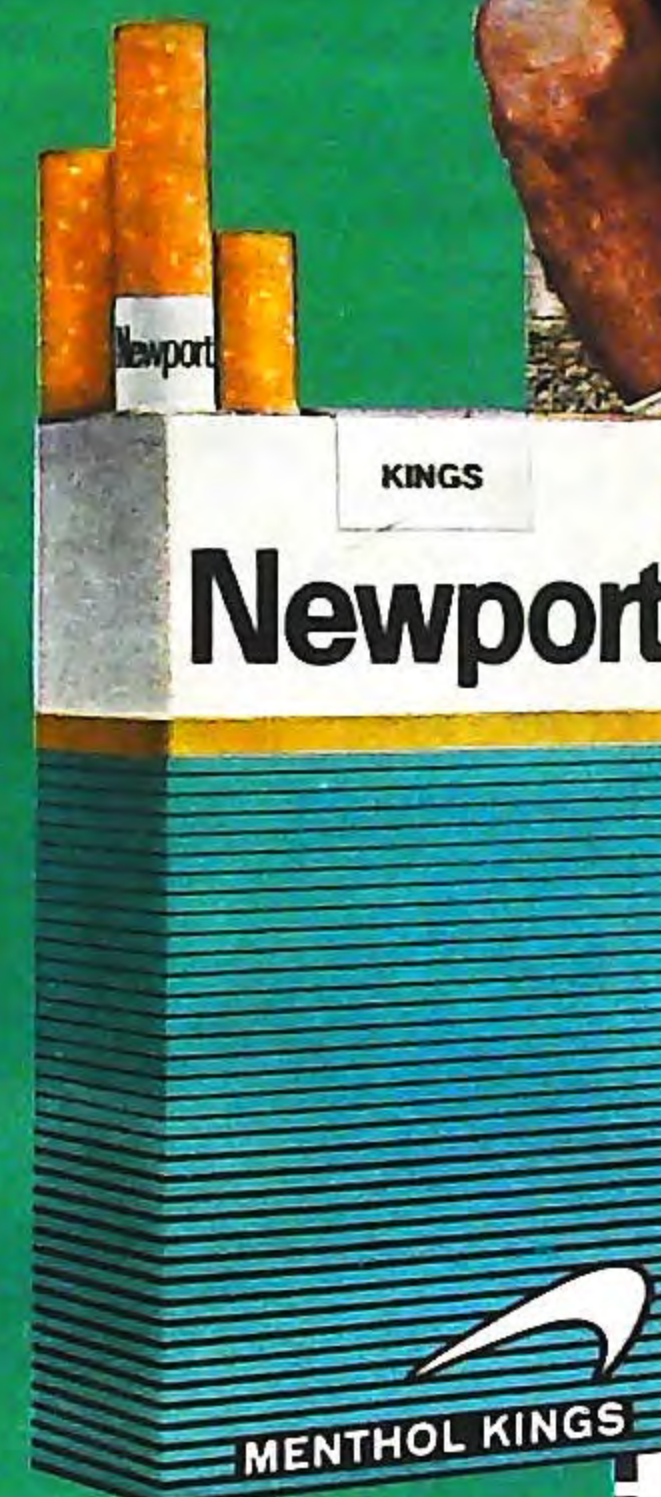
Still, the once-inseparable pair is divided by geography and interest. While John lives in England to be near his beloved soccer club, Bernie, an L.A. Dodgers freak, plans to become a U.S. citizen. Then there's the matter of sexual preference. The two of them had once been rumored to be an item, a notion that Bernie now says "amuses" him. "I've loved women and I always will," he declares. "We're so opposite in that respect, it's funny." For the past two years he has lived with model Toni Russo. He's also still friends with

CONTINUED

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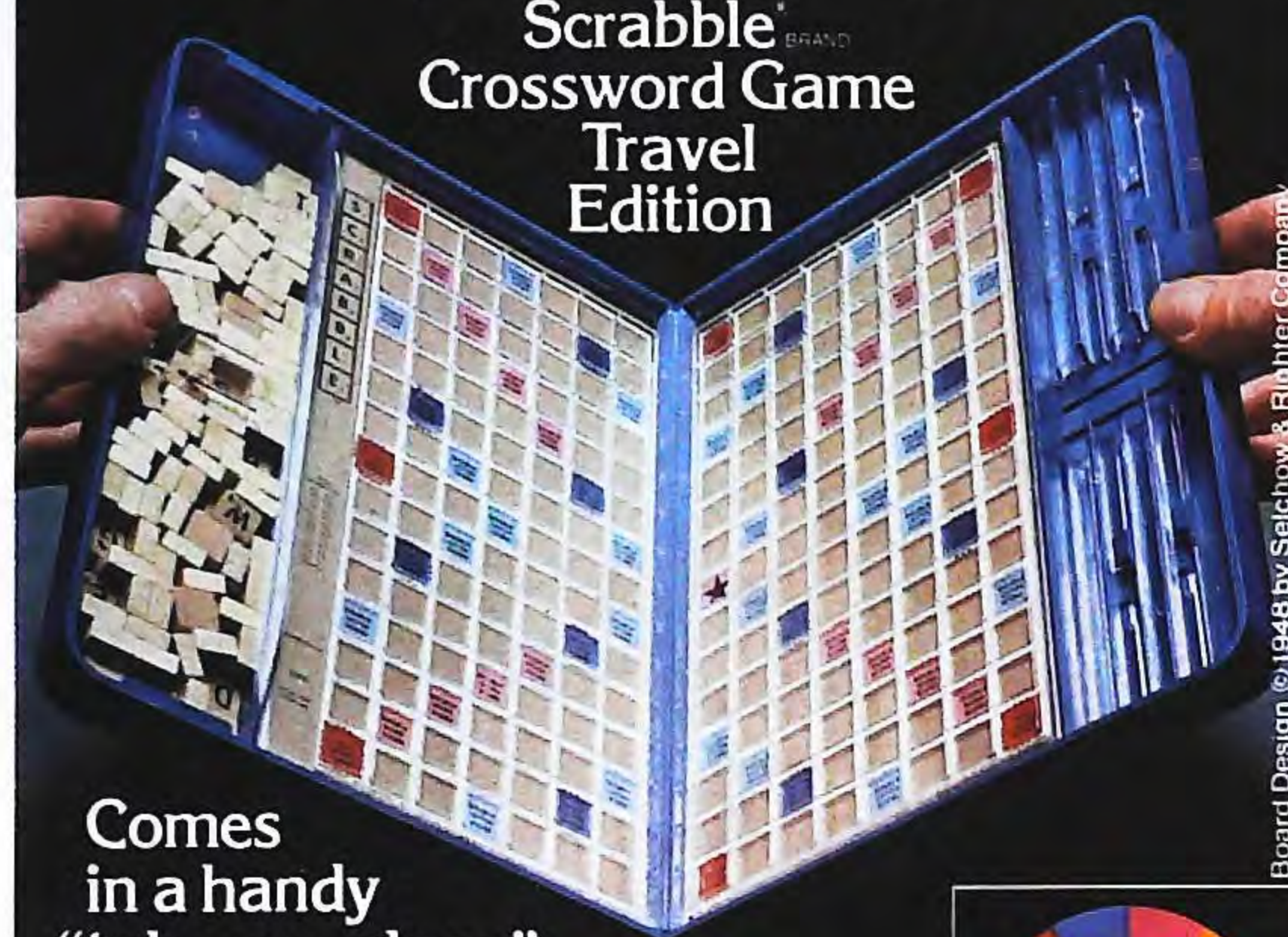
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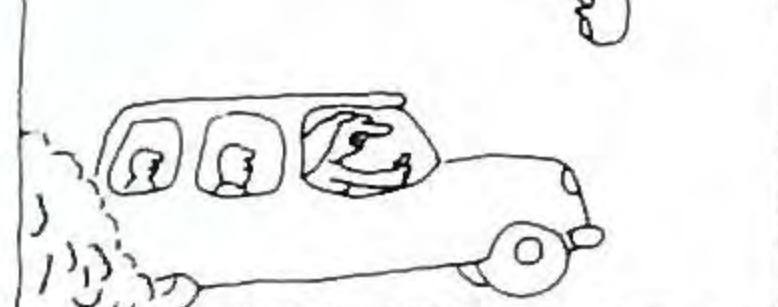
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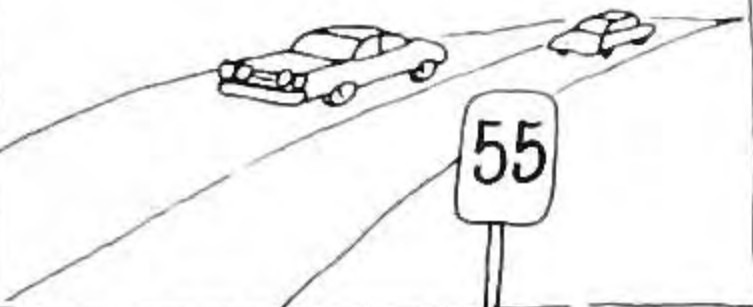
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ON THE MOVE

his ex-wife, though he reports, "She's very happy with my bassist."

Taupin grew up in England's potato-farming district of Lincolnshire, where his father was a cattle stockman and his mother raised three kids. Thanks to a school system he sardonically calls "a garbage disposal," Taupin ended up working in a printing plant "right out of David Copperfield." Then he switched to a farm, "carting huge mountains of dead chickens to furnaces, and shoveling them in. It was like Dante's *Inferno*." But when he had to work on Christmas Day, he told his boss to "stuff it." A London newspaper ad for a songwriter caught Bernie's eye and, though only 16, "I thought I could fake it, and I didn't want to go back to the farm and have 12 kids." He wound up meeting Elton, three years his senior, and together they took a basement apartment in "the Watts of London." "We were really scraping," Bernie recalls, until Elton decided to sing. Their first LP produced the hit *Lady Samantha*, and their second launched *Border Song* and *Your Song*.

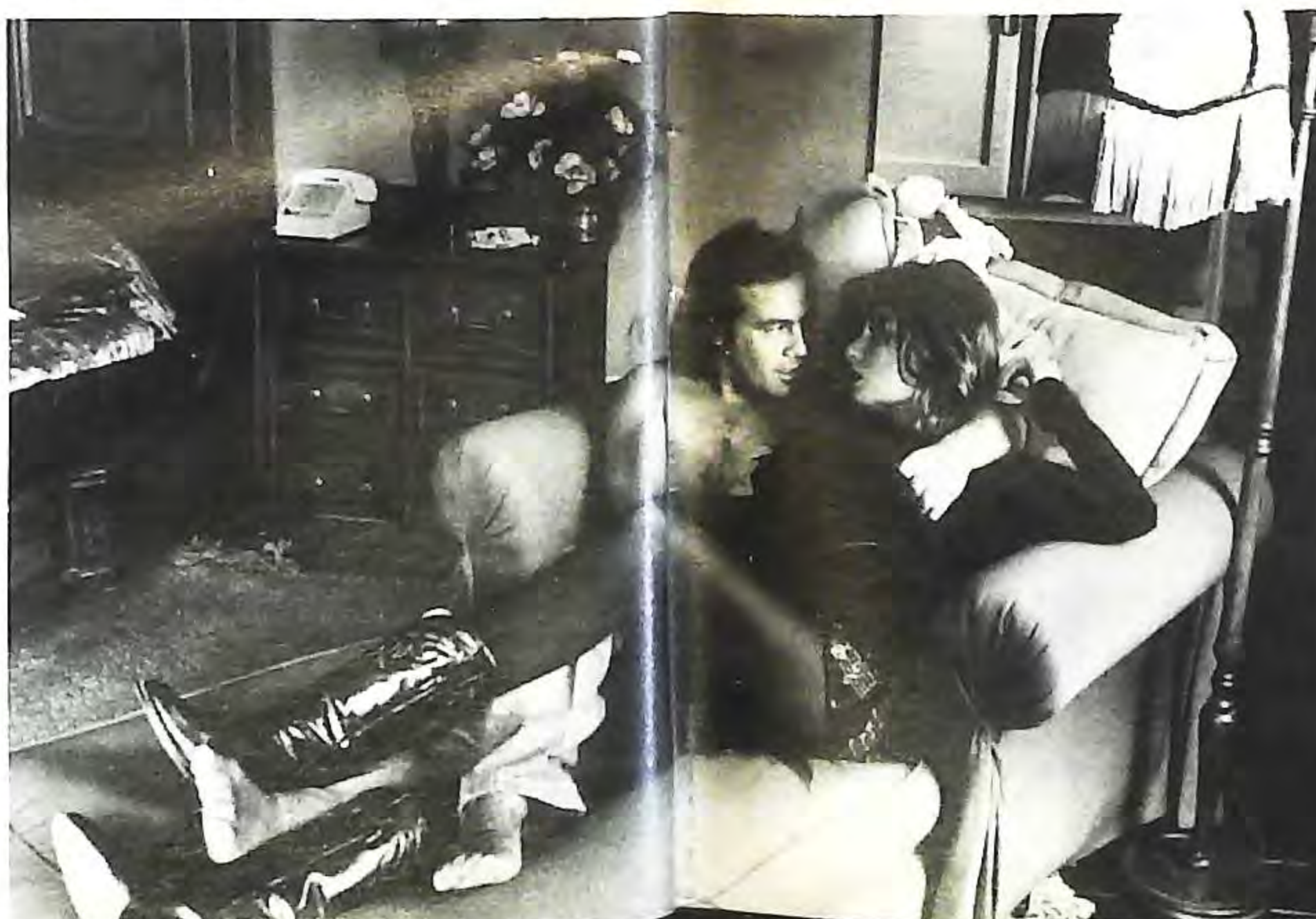
Over the next decade Taupin and John traveled their Yellow Brick Road, trashing hotel rooms (Bernie once fired a .45 magnum at John Wayne on a TV set), dumping Ajax into a friend's meal and once throwing a dog out a window. "If it has anything to do with rock'n'roll," Bernie says brazenly, "I've done it." Cocaine? "There's no way I'm going to put it down; it's part of the lifestyle." Now, though, Taupin thinks the punks lack imagination. "It takes flair to drive a car into a swimming pool," he cracks.

Bernie is comparatively housebroken in his eight-room, Spanish-style place in the Hollywood Hills. It boasts six TV sets, "so I don't miss anything," and his sybaritic bedroom has twice been the backdrop for *Playboy* centerfolds. The walls are decorated with satanic art ("The occult fascinates me"), and a glass case holds Marilyn Monroe's dressmaking form from *Some Like It Hot*—a gift from Elton.

Taupin restricts his drinking now to Mouton-Cadet wine, but loves rich food. "All the health nuts I know look pale and drawn," he insists. He lifts weights, but jokes, "The times I was abusing myself, I had more energy." Bernie and Toni hang out in San Fernando Valley drive-in theaters or dine with chums like Cheryl Ladd, Rod and Alana Stewart and Peter Frampton. He dresses casually, except for a gold hoop in his right ear, which he pierced with an icepick at 16. "In a group I'm a total ham," he says. "But I can be very rude to people I don't like."

Professionally, Taupin admits, "I'm lazy, but I don't want people to think I've gone under." So he's done two screenplays, just co-wrote Cher's next single, *Julie*, and is planning his first solo concert tour at age 30. "Once you've got rock'n'roll in your blood, you can never get it out," reckons Taupin. "I do have a slightly insane side, and when I feel that flame going out, I immediately ignite it again. I never want to lose the craziness." DAVID SHEFF

The new partner in Taupin's life is model Toni Russo, 24. Her contribution to his LP was posing for the jacket photo.



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LOOKOUT



Jason Brett, 27 (left), and **Stuart Oken**, 28, run Chicago's Apollo Theater Center, a legitimate house leaning toward serious drama, three miles from the downtown Loop. When they started, *Chicago Tribune* critic Richard Christiansen thought that the idea was "ridiculous, they were just kids," but in the two years since its opening the Apollo has staged productions of distinctive works like Albert Innaurato's *Gemini* and David Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. They have also somehow gotten into the black.

The impresarios became friends at the University of Illinois, but then went separate ways. Oken managed the box office for regional companies and dinner the-

aters. Brett acted and did commercials. In 1976 they collaborated on a production of Michael Weller's *Moonchildren* in an established theater and decided to build a \$400,000 house of their own. After talking to 3,000 people, they found 26 backers. Then, after what Oken calls "two years of hell," they opened and took in enough money to pay back all their construction debts and triple the Apollo staff. They also purchased the movie rights to *Sexual Perversity* and tried another Chicago play off-Broadway. But the boys have not forgotten the struggle of theater in America. Concedes Oken: "You're always very close to making it big and always close to being out of business." □



Sue Hudson Abreu, a second lieutenant and second-year med student, is only half joking when she says she intends to become the Army's first female Surgeon General. Lt. Abreu already, at 24, has a history of firsts. She was the first woman at Purdue to receive a four-year ROTC scholarship, the first to attain the rank of cadet colonel and to command an ROTC unit. Then last fall, just before the kick-off of a Purdue football game, she was introduced as the No. 1 graduate of all 5,800 Army ROTC students in the U.S. her year. Some 70,000 fans cheered, but Abreu points out that they were feeling unwontedly patriotic because that was the week the American hostages were taken in Iran. Though she was also honored as the

top senior in engineering, Sue decided to do her Army grad work at the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences in Bethesda, and intends to specialize in orthopedics or emergency medicine. The 5'3", 115-pound officer grew up in Zionsville, Ind., where her mother was a librarian and her late father an engineer. Last Christmas Eve she married 1st Lt. Michael Abreu, 25, the Purdue ROTC brigade commander two years before her, who, unfortunately, has been stationed 1,500 miles away at Fort Sill, Okla. "Some people live together and never get married," sighs Sue. "We got married and never live together." But things will change in August, when Michael is transferred to Fort Bragg, N.C.—a mere six hours away. □

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PEOPLE

By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off

by circling FOSSE, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers in next week's issue.

I	Y	B	S	O	R	C	A	R	R
T	T	C	C	A	S	H	L	E	Y
N	O	T	A	E	K	A	L	B	A
A	N	E	O	R	E	D	A	W	R
R	E	S	S	R	E	N	H	A	R
G	R	S	O	T	A	G	S	D	U
L	O	S	N	O	V	R	N	M	
R	M	F	A	H	D	R	A	E	H
L	U	P	O	N	E	M	M	P	B
H	E	S	S	N	I	K	R	E	P

Clues

1. Killed himself in film
2. Educational Secretary
3. Tenor of his times
4. Human Factor actress
5. Plays Shirley's sidekick
6. Carlene Carter's stepsister
7. Broadway Peronista
8. Roaming Buffalo Bill
9. Covers State for CBS
10. Actress-photographer
11. Zimbabwe head
12. J.R.'s trystin' Kristin
13. The last Nazi POW
14. Mellifluous jazz singer
15. frogman ffolkes
16. He's unable to halt the music
17. Original blondes booster
18. Dinah Manoff's mom
19. Nora Kaye's director hubby
20. Orkman's girl

Answers to June 16 Puzzle

1. Bob **Segar**
2. Donald **Sutherland**
3. Suzanne **Somers**
4. Roger **Staubach**
5. Rudolf **Nureyev**
6. Brendan **Byrne**
7. Stansfield **Turner**
8. Abba **Eban**
9. Rula **Lenska**
10. Fay **Kanin**
11. Osmond family
12. Barbara **Walters**
13. Abolhassan **Bani-Sadr**
14. Princess **Anne**
15. Michael **Learned**
16. Richard **Bach**
17. Bernard **Shaw**
18. Gay **Talese**
19. Lorna **Luft**
20. Michele **Lee**

S	R	E	M	O	S	M	O	N	D
R	U	D	N	I	K	S	S	U	S
E	I	T	A	R	O	D	E	R	N
N	W	A	H	S	Y	L	G	E	L
R	A	L	K	E	I	B	E	Y	E
U	L	E	A	S	R	N	R	E	A
T	T	S	N	P	N	L	A	V	R
F	E	E	I	A	L	E	A	B	N
G	R	A	N	T	F	U	L	N	E
E	S	T	A	U	B	A	C	H	D

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Maloney's
Meijer Thrifty Acre Stores
Menard Cashway Lumber
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Montgomery Ward
Mr. Wiggs
Murphy's Marts
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National Auto Stores
National Lumber
Naum's
OK Hardware
Otasco
Pamida Discount Centers
Peavey Mart
Penn Jersey Auto Stores
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Perry Drug Stores
Pic N' Save
Quality Farm & Fleet
R & S Auto Stores
Ray's Family Centers
Rich's
Rosas Stores
Sage
Schuck's Auto Supply Stores
Participating Schwegmann Giant Super Mkts.
Singleton's
Participating Skaggs Drug Stores
Snyder Distributing
Strauss Stores
Tehan's
T.G. & Y. Family Centers
The Treasury
Treasure Island
Truckstops of America
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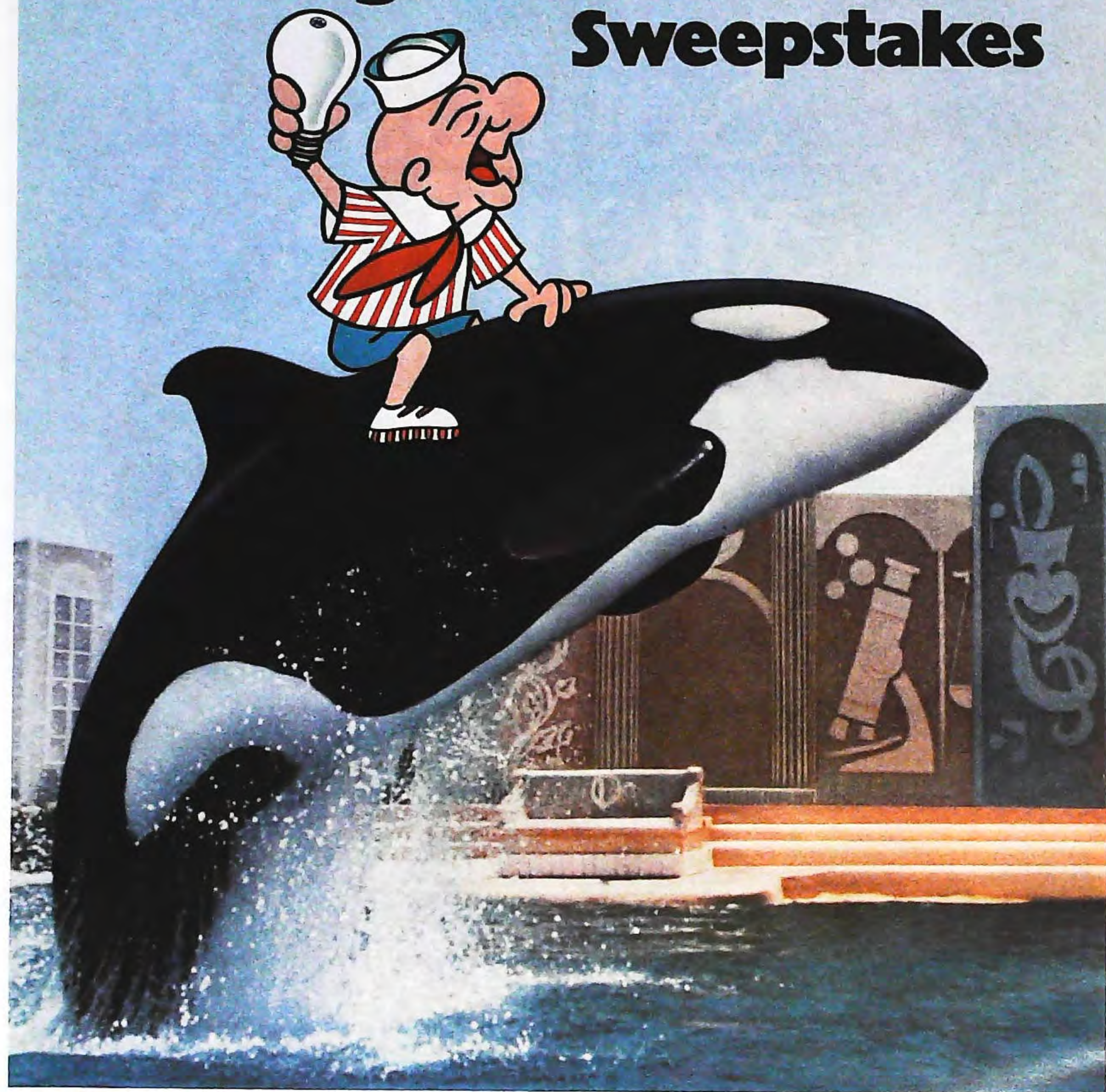
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INVENTORS

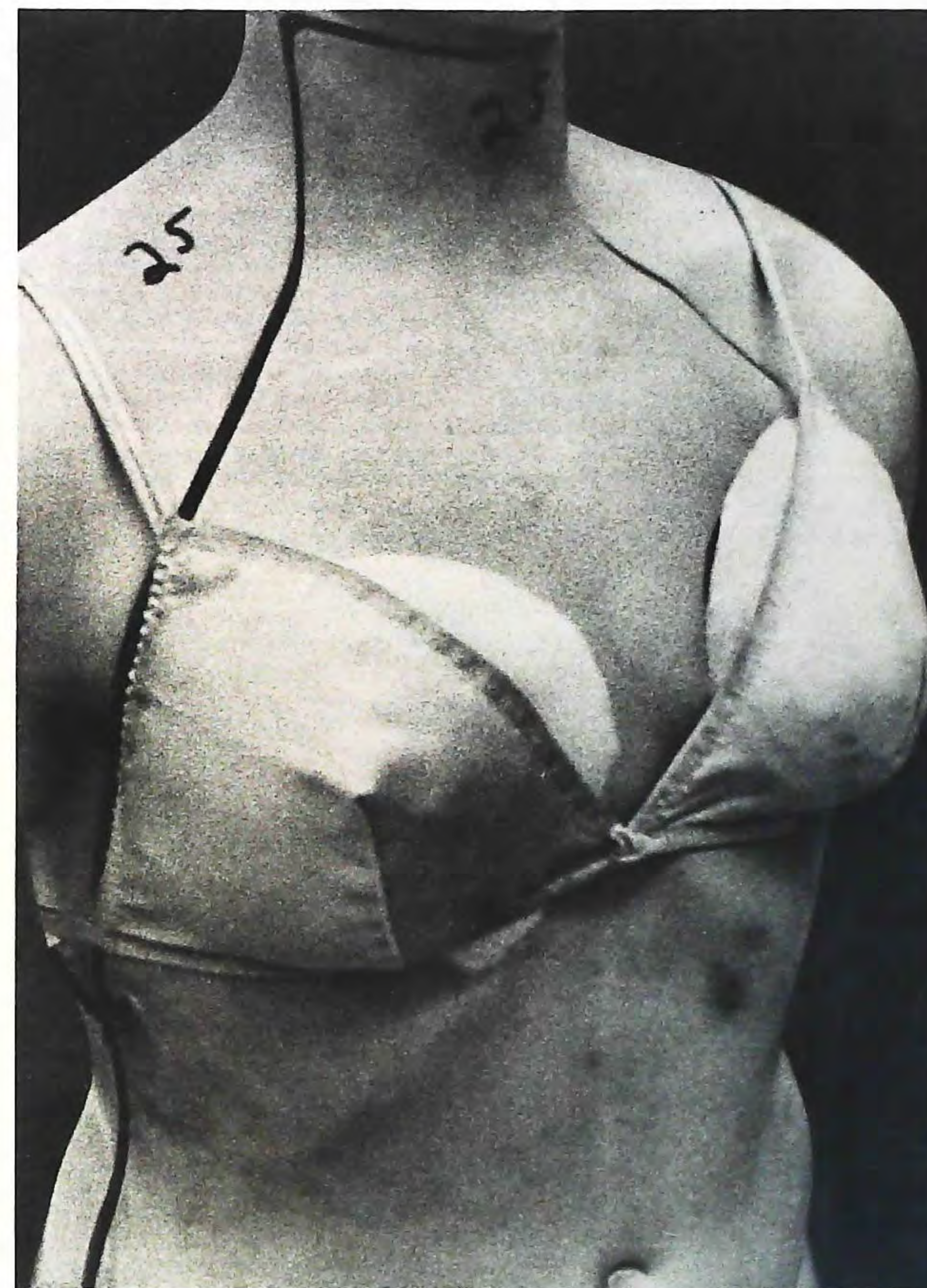


In his New Jersey lab, inventor Zsigmond Sagi shows a prototype of the bra. He has already received one patent and has another pending.

One out of every 11 women develops breast cancer," notes engineer Zsigmond Sagi, "but if a victim can detect the disease in an early stage, it's almost always curable."

With that in mind, Sagi (pronounced shoggy) has invented the Breast Cancer Screening Indicator (BCSI)—a small device that when tucked into a woman's bra will indicate an abnormality long before a lump can be discovered by self-examination. Since Sagi's device can find a tumor the size of a pinhead, it may not only save lives but prevent disfiguring mastectomies. A tiny cancer could be removed with minor surgery. "A woman can't feel cancer," he explains. "It starts in the body years before it is caught. I want the BCSI to be a tool in a woman's hand."

Once marketed, probably next year, the BCSI should diminish the cost of hospitalization for biopsies and the risk



The bra inserts, here modeled on a mannequin, will be available in two sizes sometime next year.

of mammographies. It consists of two polyester foam pads, lined with three triangular foil disks that have been treated with heat-sensitive chemicals. Since cancerous tissue is warmer than normal skin, the BCSI registers hot spots. Suspect areas are indicated when green dots on the foil turn opaque white. Any change in color is a signal

CONTINUED

Photographs by Robert Sherbow

INVENTORS

to see a doctor. A feverish breast is not always, of course, a warning of cancer. It may mean a temporary inflammation or cyst.

The pads, which will cost about \$5 a pair (and are not reusable), are inserted into the cups of a close-fitting bra and worn for 15 minutes on the first day of the menstrual cycle. That, Sagi says, "is a time when a woman's body, which has been going through hormonal changes, returns to normal" and is also an easy date to remember. Women past menopause can use a random date each month.

The BCSI is being tested on 250 paid volunteers, aged 38 to 75, by Prof. Betty Hamilton of the Georgetown University School of Medicine. "We hope," Hamilton says, "that a woman will get to know her breast pattern like a thumbprint." Research is being funded by Fabergé, the cosmetics

manufacturer, which expects to market the BCSI when it is approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

Sagi, 49, fled his native Budapest in 1956 after the Hungarian revolution and settled in New Jersey, where he spent a decade in the research department of the Singer Company. Among his many inventions for the sewing machine firm is the Zigzag Skip-Stitch. In 1977 he opened his own Arden Laboratories in Whippany, N.J. to develop and market table soccer games. A professional soccer player in his homeland, he oversees a school program in northern New Jersey involving 10,000 youngsters. Lest there be confusion between Sagi's lab and Fabergé's archcompetitor Elizabeth Arden, the company insisted before assuming sponsorship that Sagi change his company's name to BCSI Laboratories.

After his father died of lung cancer

in 1978, the inventor, who remains a chain smoker, vowed to try to find a means of combatting the disease. When he read of an infrared-ray screening test used at Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute to detect breast cancer, he conceived the idea that led to the BCSI. (His invention could someday be employed to discover other cancers.)

Sagi, who lives with his wife, Barbara, and sons Zsigmond, 18, and Zultan, 13, in Danville, N.J., is confident that the BCSI will revolutionize breast cancer detection methods. "I have eliminated the word 'impossible' from my vocabulary," Sagi observes. "Everything is possible. I have to believe in what I'm doing. It's the only way."

PATTIE REILLY

"Its main use will be as an early-warning system," says Prof. Betty Hamilton, who is scientifically testing the BCSI.



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ARTS



The painting (above) was bought from Flora Whitney Miller; her great-uncle O.H. Payne obtained it in 1901. At right, the new owner inspects prize bulls on her 75,000-acre estancia outside Olavarría.

SECRET SENORA DE FORTABAT SENDS AN AGENT TO SHOP FOR ART AND HE SPENDS \$6.4 MILLION



The bidding opened at \$500,000 and escalated quickly to \$3 million at New York's Sotheby Parke Bernet auction house. Two bidders fought on (to scattered applause) until the gavel fell at \$6.4 million. That made J.M.W. Turner's 1836 pre-Impressionist masterpiece *Juliet and Her Nurse* the most expensive artwork ever sold at auction, topping the 1970 sale of Velázquez's *Portrait of Juan de Pareja* by \$900,000.

The new owner was not the bald, bespectacled man in a gray suit who had won the war of nerves—he was only an agent—but an Argentine widow whose wealth and power are as imposing as her name: Amalia La Croze de Fortabat.

Decisive action involving money is not new to her. When her second husband, Alfredo Fortabat, died in 1976 at age 81, his Loma Negra (Black Hill) company controlled half the cement production in Argentina and owned vast cattle ranches besides. They had kept quiet about their 1963 wedding, performed in France, because Argentina does not recognize divorce (both had previously been married). However, after being widowed, Amalia, as a member of Loma Negra's board of directors, was named president and grabbed the corporate reins.

Amalia inherited a taste for good living from her father, a physician, whose family built Buenos Aires' trolley system. A subway stop and an avenue in

the city are named for La Crozes.

Two weeks before the Sotheby auction, the 60ish widow flew to New York in her private Learjet. Her mission was apparently to begin stocking a museum she is building in Olavarría, Loma Negra's headquarters, 210 miles southwest of Buenos Aires.

She attended a Christie's auction of paintings owned by auto magnate Henry

Ford. Señora de Fortabat denies making any bids. Those who were there contend otherwise. She reportedly bagged a \$2.9 million Gauguin (*La Plage au Pouldu*) and a \$1.9 million Van Gogh (*Le Jardin Public*). Back home in Argentina, the most the lady would admit to was, "Of course, I would like to have the Gauguin. The day will come when I will buy one." □

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS, AND WATCH JIM DALE JUGGLE, WALK A TIGHTROPE —AND WIN A TONY

STAGE

Don't wish actor Jim Dale the traditional "Break a leg." In his last hit, he cracked a rib in three places and fractured his heel. Now, as the star of *Barnum* on Broadway, Dale has a chance to ruin himself good. He is catapulted into the spotlights by a trampoline early in the first act and later walks the length of the St. James Theater stage on a tightwire. "The nights old P.T. is not very pleased," Dale says, "he kicks the rope from under me." Jim falls about once a week and even toppled twice one evening. No matter. His showmanship could not be more surefooted, and last week the 44-year-old British actor won a Tony for best performance in a musical.

Barnum has meant the recognition Dale has sought since he left home at 16 to join a vaudeville troupe. Along the way he has been a magician, comedian and songwriter. His lyrics for the title song of the 1966 movie *Georgy Girl* won him an Oscar nomination.

Known as a quick study, Dale learned many of his *Barnum* routines at a Manhattan circus school the month before the show opened in May. His breath-takingly energetic performance has left him 16 pounds lighter, but so far he has escaped with minor bruises. He wasn't so fortunate in *Scapino*, a musical version of a Molière farce. Cast as a scamp, he injured the rib doing a somersault and the heel when he failed to catch a swinging rope. Yet he never missed a performance. "I'm not a fatalist," Dale says. "I don't think of dying, but of living. I wasn't born for millions of years and it didn't bother me at all."

Where he was born did depress him. His hometown of Rothwell, 170 miles north of London, had 17 factories, 17 pubs and no movie theaters. "I had a dream when I was 9," he says, "a dream about hearing laughter." Dale's father, William Smith, worked in a foundry and his mother, Miriam, in a shoe factory. Jim changed his surname in 1954 because there were two other British comics named Jim Smith. "I

kept receiving their notices—which were better than mine," he jokes. Dale's younger brother, Michael, now 36, became a welder. "I don't know what made me so different," the actor says. His visits home were disconcerting at first: "I wanted to talk about my ambitions and dreams. They wanted to talk about Mrs. Wilson's cat having kittens."

By the time he was 21, Dale found himself a pop singing star, thanks to an appearance on a TV rock show. After that he was able to manage a respectable income for his wife, Patricia Gardiner, a nurse, and a growing family. They eventually had four children (Belinda, now 23, Murray, 20, Adam, 17, and Toby, 14). Dale later became a disc jockey, TV talk show host and movie actor. In 1969, at the invitation of Laurence Olivier, he joined Britain's National Theatre, and in 1974 he made his first U.S. appearance with the group in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Two months later

he opened on Broadway in *Scapino*.

Since then Dale has acted in three Walt Disney films (*Pete's Dragon*, *Hot Lead and Cold Feet* and *Unidentified Flying Oddball*). He and his wife separated in 1977, and the following year Jim left London for Manhattan. Though not yet divorced, Dale has a new love, Julie Schaffer, 32, owner of an expensive Manhattan boutique. They live in separate apartments but share midnight dinners. "During curtain calls I am always thinking, 'I'll be with Julie in 20 minutes,'" Dale says. In spare moments they shop for antiques or puppets and clowns for Jim's collection.

Dale envisions a future doing films "for bread" and theater "for love." After his one-year contract with *Barnum* expires, he hopes to find another play that "allows me to give people something more exciting than this humdrum existence. I want to show them a rainbow."

ANDREA CHAMBERS

Teetering on a wire 6'3" above the stage, Dale still feels like a novice. Occasionally he falls, but hops right back up.



Jim lunches with girlfriend Julie Schaffer. "I call her 'my lady,'" he says. "My woman" is tough American talk."

Photographs by ©Jill Kromentz



Branching out in Central Park, Dale proves fearless offstage as well as on. "I'll live until I'm 128½," he boasts.

CHATTER

Kangaroo Court Helen Reddy got her comeuppance Down Under recently when she flew to Sydney for a royal command performance. First she referred to herself proudly as a sixth-generation Australian. That didn't sit well with an opera house audience which recalled that when she took out U.S. citizenship in 1974 the singer intimated that she had outgrown her homeland. The evening did not improve. When presented to Queen Elizabeth backstage, Helen was wearing a tiara, which gave one palace correspondent apoplexy. "In Australia," he thundered, "tiaras are never worn." He called Reddy's diamonds "an unnecessary vulgarity." Other journalists were almost as mean. Back home in L.A., Reddy's husband and manager, Jeff Wald, protested. "No woman on earth can upstage the Queen," he admitted, and added bravely, "Our experience in Australia was totally positive."

Lou is Two It's one thing playing second banana to Paul Newman, but Edward (Lou Grant) Asner isn't taking any chances that some supporting actor in the just-wrapped *Fort Apache—the Bronx* will someday bump his name from the marquee. It's a common industry practice when a player rises from obscurity to stardom. So Asner has had a "no credit erosion" stipulation written into his contract, which means that even when the movie winds up on TV it will still say "Starring Edward Asner."

Swan Song? A knee injury prevented Natalia Makarova from completing her performance in the \$500,000 American Ballet Theatre production of *La Bayadère* on PBS' *Live from Lincoln Center*. But friends say the ballerina's greatest anguish is not physical but professional. Mikhail Ba-



Helen Reddy:
Tiara trouble



Edward Asner:
Protecting his scalp



Natalia Makarova:
Misha impossible

ryshnikov, the ABT's incoming director, has subtly demoted Natasha—who had also reportedly wanted the job—by offering her only a few starring roles after he takes over in September. "She could never dance under Misha. There just isn't room in one company for two artistic directors," one insider related. There are other casualties of Baryshnikov's takeover. Principal dancer Kirk Peterson won't be back for the new season. Friends say he quit in a pique after Misha told him he didn't see him in classical roles; the ABT says only: "His contract has not been renewed."

Hoopla Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, 33, is looking for a showbiz future when his \$650,000 contract with the L.A. Lakers runs out in two years. He'll be a challenge to Hollywood, e.g., how to photograph a 7'2" beanpole alongside ordinary mortals? Jabbar also has a reputation for aloofness, though fortunately he doesn't come across that way onscreen. He has done *Laugh-In*, *Merv Griffin*, *Dinah*, *Dick Cavett*, *The Man from Atlantis* and *Manix*, and he makes his movie debut in *Airplane* (a spoof of *Airport* in which he plays a co-pilot). He turned down *Tomorrow* host Tom Snyder, however. "I avoided him," Jabbar humphed, "because he asks the questions, answers them, and then comments on the words he puts in your mouth."

Furthermore

● John Gavin, tapped to play Cary Grant in the NBC-TV movie of Sophia Loren's autobiography, apparently is not worried that he bears little resemblance to Grant. Gavin recalled a woman guest's astonishment when she was introduced to the dashing actor at a charity event. "You don't look like Cary Grant," she exclaimed. Smiled Grant: "Nobody does."

NEXT WEEK IN PEOPLE

The latest shocker from Nancy Friday

The author of *My Secret Garden* and *My Mother/My Self* finds lessons for women in men's X-rated fantasies

Glen Campbell, 44, makes beautiful music with Tanya Tucker, 21

"I gave God a prayer, and He gave me Tanya," says the Rhinestone Cowboy of the singer who replaced wife #3

Craig Claiborne's lifesaving recipes

After suffering nearly fatal hypertension, the critic concocted low-salt meals to satisfy even himself

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